

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1893.

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RIOTING in Belfast between Home Rule and Orange partisans has followed in the wake of Balfour's loyalist tour through Ulster. This is, alas! not altogether unheard of, but it is all too bad.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OLNEY has received his instructions from the New York World with regard to trusts, and an ominous silence reigns about the Department of Justice. The Attorney-General is studying his lessons.

THE Norwegian Storthing, by a vote of 63 to 51, is at loggerheads with King Oscar. When the homestretch is reached the odds will be in favor of King Oscar, who is said to be gifted with a rare quality of northern firmness.

THE action of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company increasing the capital stock from \$89,500,000 to \$100,000,000 has been approved by the State Board of Railroad Commissioners. The Central should congratulate itself on the next raise; it is sure of this one.

COMMISSIONER CARTER, representing the Provisional Government of Hawaii, has sailed from San Francisco for home. He denies that the new Government has met with such opposition as recent sensational dispatches report. We expect to hear further details from him when he arrives at Honolulu.

EMPEROR WILLIAM and Pope Leo XIII. had a most friendly interview in Rome, the significance of which is, that the young Emperor has a high regard for the aged Pontiff, whose influence, in so far as it has affected the German Empire, has invariably been on the side of good government and rational progress.

THE Philadelphia Public Ledger has been enlarged and will in future contain illustrations. For years the people of Philadelphia never really set even a fact down as a fact until they saw it stated in the Public Ledger. When they see the picture of it in the old reliable now, they will know it surely is so. Congratulations to George W. Childs.

THE EVENT WE CELEBRATE.

THE Eastern Hemisphere was growing old before its time. Civilization wandered backward and forward between Europe and Asia and Africa, alternately triumphant and overthrown. Fierce barbaric laws and destructive tribal wars were succeeded by the exterminations of fanaticism and by unholy persecutions in the name of religion and pseudo enlightenment.

The Old World grown old before its time was exterminating itself in the name of the Creator. Man, in tribe and nation, had taken up the excuse of CAIN and was no longer his brother's keeper. Weaker peoples had been enchained at home or driven abroad to seek whereon to lay their heads.

The dreamer in the cloister, and the vagrant scholar at the courts of kings, were left undisturbed. They had no standing or potency in the battle of life. And they dreamed on, and lived and died, and kings and courtiers forgot them. But other dreamers and visionaries succeeded. The mind element in human affairs was not destined to die, but to gain in force and come into the thick of the strife when mere brute force could no further go.

COPERNICUS, the dreamer monk of Thorn in Prussia, dreamed and taught that the earth is a sphere. He died, and his teachings were buried in the cloister to await the resurrection. COLUMBUS knocked at the door of La Rabida monastery to ask bread and water for his boy DIEGO. That night, enjoying the hospitality of JUAN PEREZ DE MARCHENA, the globe rotated upon its axis as it had done since the Creator started it as a self-luminous star in the far-back eternity of His omnipotence; but that night, too, JUAN PEREZ was convinced, the mind element awakened in him to see a glorious vision, and when morning broke he saw in spirit the sun of Spanish dominion and the light of his cherished faith breaking upon heathen lands to the westward.

Granada, last stronghold of the Moors in Spain, was falling into the hands of FERDINAND and ISABELLA, when MARCHENA, her confessor, and COLUMBUS, the unknown, by command of the queen, were ushered into the royal presence. The first effort to gain royal help and sanction for an expedition to the New World was unsuccessful. It was a dispute about money, and the Moorish wars had exhausted the treasury of Leon and Castile. But COLUMBUS persevered and won; and the Santa Maria, Niña and Pinta started on their voyage of discovery.

The earth became not only spherical, but more roomy. The earth moved, and the persecuted and crowded and endangered people had more room to move. Time changed the visionary "Eastern coast of Asia" to a continent whose ancient wars of extermination had left the roving Red Man in the forest still exterminating, the Aztecs in Mexico and the Incas in Peru living in cities, and the peaceful Mound Builders at rest.

Here real freedom was born. The battle of barbaric life here was nearly fought out to the end. A home was left near the graves of a primeval race for the persecuted of other lands. Our forefathers came. The lessons of the Old World were gradually unlearned. Old World governments fought for possession of the New. Canada and Cuba alone remain to them, together with a few scattered islands off the coast.

Seven of these older governments came to visit us last week with vessels of war to pay their respects. The New World is four hundred years old. The United States is celebrating the event on behalf of itself and all the rest of American governments, including Canada and Cuba. We seem to be the real America.

For the next six months all the nations and peoples and tribes of the earth will be represented at Chicago. It is the New World's Fair. It is the new order of things. It holds within itself the elements of progress and not the elements of decay. The human mind and heart will show their highest achievements and aspirations in every line of human interest at the Columbian Exposition. The various sections of the human race will gain a mutual acquaintance that was not possible before at any World's Fair. COLUMBUS and COLUMBIA are laurel-crowned; and the New World gives testimony to the whole world that the voyage undertaken by COLUMBUS four hundred years ago was a voyage in the right direction, and that the future is big with promise as the present with fulfillment and the past with the prophecy of the dreamer.

THE SING SING DELIVERY.

WARDEN BROWN has just vacated his position, his term as the official head of Sing Sing Prison having expired. The escape of PALLISTER and ROEHL, condemned murderers, will be investigated. Whether it was caused by collusion, by the negligence of the night guards, or by the radically faulty arrangement of the death-cells, is a question for immediate attention; and, now that the escape has taken place, the recurrence of similar ones will doubtless be guarded against. That is the great American plan.

After the flight of the prisoners from their temporary quarters, in which they were waiting for the summons to the "chair," and while detectives were scouring the country for the fugitives, the attitude of the public

was highly instructive. The newspapers, of course, loudly demanded the punishment of somebody for the untoward event of the escape; and law-abiding citizens generally expressed themselves in favor of the recapture of the murderers. But careful investigation shows that the average citizen would not willingly put himself in the position of returning them to their doom. A reward in this case would be "blood money." Too bad they escaped, says the public mind. In a question of life or death, let them escape who can, says the public heart. This latter sentiment is lawless, no doubt; but such as it is, it is here.

ONCE A WEEK has the fullest confidence in the ability of Superintendent Fyrmes and the New York detectives, assisted by the police of other cities, to bring the fugitives back, if they are still in the country. The possibility of their final escape is out of the question. The earth itself, with our extradition treaties, is not large enough to hide them. Neither money nor outside combinations of criminals can save them. The only power that can do this is the sympathy and indifference of the public. These alone stand in the way. They must be removed. This is not a question of sentiment. The law itself is outraged. Without the protection of law no man is safe. These fugitives have been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. To protect the law itself it is necessary that the sentence be put into execution. PALLISTER and ROEHL must be sent back to New York.

It was one of the results of the enactment of the life imprisonment penalty for murder in Michigan that convictions were more numerous and more strictly in accord with the evidence than when the death penalty prevailed; and it is certain that if it was a question of sending back PALLISTER and ROEHL to life imprisonment their capture would be easier, owing to the co-operation of the people at large. But the law as it is now in New York is just as sacred as if the penalty were life imprisonment instead of the "chair." The proper way to decide whether the "chair" shall be abolished is by legislative action; the wrong way to decide it is to let these two red-handed murderers go at large, because their capture means, under the present law, their execution.

We favor real life imprisonment for murder as against the death penalty; but the first duty of every citizen is to aid in the uncompromising enforcement and effectiveness of the law as it is. Send PALLISTER and ROEHL back to the "chair." We will get real life imprisonment later.

ESQUIMAU COMPETITION.

A NUMBER of Esquimaux decamped from the World's Fair grounds, where they said they had been confined against their will by the company which had brought them from their Northern homes. President DANIELS appealed to the Immigrant Inspector, who referred the matter to District Attorney MILCHRIST. This official said he was inclined to believe that President DANIELS was liable under the Contract Labor law in each case where an Esquimau goes to work for wages in competition with American workmen.

This belief of District Attorney MILCHRIST comes none too soon. It has long been a mystery what particular mission on earth the Esquimaux were intended to carry out. The light is dawning. The Esquimau is the last, but by no means the least, of the foreign pauper laborers who are to compete with the American workman. The particular kind of competition that the Esquimau would be likely to excel in is the harvesting of the ice crop and the packing of icehouses. The usual results of this industry to the American laborer are pneumonia and stiff joints. The Esquimaux are also experts at the consumption of grease, which is prolific of dyspepsia and social coarseness to the white man. District Attorney MILCHRIST should entertain a liberal interpretation of the Contract Labor law in the case of the Esquimaux. They were on this continent before we came, anyhow. They cannot compete with the white man carrying the hod on the 5th of July. They will boom the market for pork side-meat. They cannot compete for the close tenement-house and drive the white man and his children out into the street for fresh air and sunshine. Husking the farmers' corn in the open field in the short winter days will be a picnic for them; they will do it cheaply, while the farmer reads the agricultural journal by the kitchen stove or the tavern fireplace. It is said they are inveterate liars—would rather lie than tell the truth, *ceteris paribus*. Well, that will not hurt them, in this country, unless they are caught at it. The Esquimaux must not go.

If European bankers and their American and Canadian correspondents and agents demand gold for silver certificates and Treasury notes, the question arises, Why do they demand gold? Why do they not take a check for the amount on some good bank, or a sight draft on an A1 business house? Either gold can be paid on these demands or there is some doubt about it. If it can be paid, why raise the question—create doubt where absolute financial certainty and stability should reign? If there is doubt about it, will not the "run" on gold only make matters worse? But the gold bugs know that the financial situation is all right! Is gold forcing this fight?

A GALA WEEK.

THE past week witnessed the Naval Parade at New York and the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago. Well—we New Yorkers opened the festivities, at any rate. The World's Fair will now proceed. Mayor GILROY to Mayor HARRISON, greeting, best wishes, 'in care. A little lonesome; but, then, we both cannot have the World's Fair. Let us drop a—that is, the subject.

But, speaking of that Naval Parade, it went off without a hitch. Another such display the world has never seen, nor will ever see again, leastways at Chicago. There, now, that slipped; but let it slip. We were four days at it—that is, the Naval Parade, its preliminaries and immediate subsequents. This week we are tired. Chicago will be very, very tired when the World's Fair is over. So glad; that tired feeling will be our repentance.

To return to the Naval Parade: Afar down the bay—the peerless New York Bay—the battle ships of many lands came to anchor, and “ten thousand masts” were in sight, or, rather, “out of sight.” Nothing like that in Chicago. That was on Tuesday. We were then only beginning. Wednesday was feverish, but gay, and Chicago was thinking her great thoughts about the 1st of May. Up the North River in orderly array steamed the various participating fleets—not one fleet, mark you, but several; while Chicago, oh! hang Chicago—in Red, White and Blue and the rest of them, for she has got the earth.

President CLEVELAND opened the Parade ceremonies. There was a grand ball at Madison Square Garden Thursday night. On the 1st of May the same firm Executive opened the World's Fair. It was a Gala Week in New York and Chicago, especially in New York. New York sent several fast limited trains to Chicago, after the Parade. We went.

HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOUR TOWN?

THE bill for universal suffrage in Belgium, with plural voting in certain cases, confers extra votes upon the following persons and conditions:

First—Every male citizen aged thirty-five years, and either married or a widower, paying a government tax of at least five francs in amount, unless exempted from the tax on account of his profession.

Second—Upon every male citizen aged twenty-five years who is an owner of real estate of the value of at least two thousand francs, or who has been inscribed for at least two years on the ledger of the public debt or in the stock book of a bank for savings as the possessor of at least one hundred francs in Belgian rentes.

Third—Upon every male citizen aged twenty-five years who is the bearer of a diploma of superior education, or a similar certificate showing that he has attended a complete course of higher instruction in a public or private seminary, or that he is filling or has filled a public office, or is holding or has held a position or is exercising or has exercised a profession implying superior education. The question as to what positions and professions are to be regarded as qualifying under this clause to be decided by law. No person is to be entitled to more than three votes, and voting is made obligatory.

THE New York Times has been transferred to a new management without suffering a change in its editorship or its policy, which will still be managed by the veteran, Charles Miller. It will be a Democratic newspaper, leaving the Mugwumps of the metropolis to the tender care of the Evening Post. The Times has always been regarded as a very able journal, fearless, unpurchasable, and a terror to evil-doers. We expect to see it grow in grace, very close, as it will be, to President Cleveland and the Administration.

REV. A. LORD BOYLE, of the Carmel Baptist Church, New York, opposed the Bradley Martin-Earl Craven nuptials in these words: “Such marriages are not made in Heaven. They are made in New York, and unmade in London frequently. The choice of a foreign title without a man in preference to a man without a foreign title is an insult to our nation, and a hauling down of our American flag.” Only last week the flag was hauled down in Hawaii and in far-off Marsovan, in the dominions of the Sultan. Now it is hauled down at a swell New York wedding. Why not let the flag stay down for awhile, until we see where we are at? And yet, if we may judge by the frequent crossings of the Atlantic on the part of the Bradley Martins and their one hundred and twenty-eight trunks, it seems more probable that it was the Union Jack that was hauled down. Was not Earl Craven brought right into camp here in New York as one of the family when the trunks came home the other day for the forty-seventh time?

NEWS OF A BUSY WORLD.

DISSENSION prevails in the new cabinet of King Alexander of Serbia.

Superintendent Stump has come to New York to inspect the water supply of the quarantine station.

A rich gold strike has been made within a mile of Central Point, Oregon, and the greatest excitement prevails.

Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has left Florence for England.

Troops continued to patrol the streets of Belfast, but there was no further rioting between the Orangemen and Catholics.

Secretary Carlisle has dismissed Henry N. Gassaway, an \$1,800 treasury clerk, who is the brother-in-law of Vice-President Stevenson.

Mr. Stevens's resignation as Minister to Hawaii is on file in Washington, and Hawaiian annexation has been indefinitely postponed.

Senator Stanford proposes to institute a show of baby trotters under one year old in the ring of a big amphitheater during the World's Fair.

A mob of Mussulmans attacked an American funeral procession at Kaisareeyeh, and in the flight that followed a number were wounded on both sides.

The Chattanooga court declared valid the deeds of trust made by M. J. O'Brien, late treasurer of the Catholic Knights of America, for the benefit of that order.

There will be an interesting international exhibition in Brussels, at which will be displayed the wonderful development of the public press from ancient to modern times.

Joseph Markham, member of the Legislature of Minnesota, indicted for bribery, was arraigned in Criminal Court and plead not guilty. The case was set for trial on June 13.

At a meeting of the bond-holders' committees of the Reading Railroad a plan was submitted for the financial relief of the company. It is proposed to issue six per cent bonds for thirty million dollars.

An order of the London court has been made for winding up of the English, Scottish and Australian Chartered Bank, the failure of which, with liabilities amounting to eight million pounds, was announced on April 12. The order was issued on the petition of the company.

Dr. Buchanan has been convicted at New York of the crime of wife-poisoning, and now the long legal contest to defeat the verdict of the jury will begin. The condemned man says he will spend his last penny to save himself—a resolve that is quite natural under the circumstances.

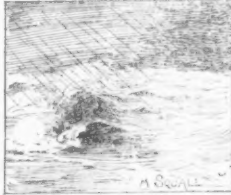
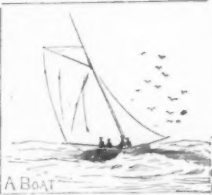
Several barbarous cases of hazing have occurred at the Ohio Wesleyan University recently, including the now infamous cases of facial disfigurement; and now President Bashford announces that all secret societies are barred for the future, and existing secret societies must be abandoned at once.

Captain R. T. Evans, who was supposed to have been lost off the steamer *Ohio* in last week's big gale, has arrived at Cheboygan, Mich., with the four men he took in the lifeboat when he left the steamer. They were nearly starved when found by the tug *River Queen*, at Seamon's Cove, on Cockburn Island, where they had landed.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's mines, at New Castle, Colorado, are on fire and the prospects are that it will take at least two months to extinguish the flames. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the ignition of gas. Nobody has been injured but the loss to the mines will be heavy. They are the largest in the West. A large number of men are out of employment pending the extinguishing of the fire.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 27th ult. contains an account of an attempt on Mr. Gladstone's life while the Grand Old Man was walking through St. James's Park at midnight to his home in Downing Street. The facts in the case seem to point to a plot against the life of the Premier rather than an actual attempt at murder. The report was based upon the fact that a man named William Townsend, who is in custody on the charge of firing a revolver in a public thoroughfare, had in one of his pockets a notebook containing a number of entries detailing the recent movements of Mr. Gladstone. The prisoner was arraigned and his object in making the entries is being investigated.

Five distinct cyclones visited different parts of Oklahoma Territory between two and nine o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th inst. It is certain that more than one hundred lives were lost, while the number of seriously injured is estimated at five hundred. In the district near Norman at least fifty bodies have been prepared for burial. On the same night Montague County, Texas, was visited by a cyclone. On Wednesday, the 26th, Chicago World's Fair buildings stood an all-morning steady downpour of rain with the wind at fifty-four miles an hour. Northern Indiana, and Illinois and Wisconsin, report widespread damage to crops and other farm property on the same date.



NO MAN, NO GIRL, NO BOAT; THAT'S ALL.

ODD CITY FOLKS.

BY JOHNSON BURT.

MR. BRAYCE'S BUSINESS.

MR. BRAYCE was as composed, settled, and well-set-up a man as could be seen in St. Amos's Church, where he always could be seen on Sunday and to the expenses of which he contributed liberally yet without ostentation. Indeed, so handsomely did he respond to all of the demands, general and special, which St. Amos's, like all other churches, were obliged to make that the minister in charge thought it a duty as well as a privilege to make a special call within a month after Mr. Brayce had taken a pew.

"Your husband, I presume, is a capitalist?" said the minister to Mrs. Brayce, who, with her daughters, received him, Mr. Brayce not being at home when the reverend gentleman called.

"I'm sure I don't know," the lady answered, with entire honesty yet with an air of helplessness not uncommon to wives of business men in New York. "He is down in Wall Street."

"Ah," responded the minister, with a variety and modulation of inflections which would have alarmed a woman of the world. But Mrs. Brayce was not a woman of that kind. She was a dutiful wife and affectionate mother, and she had married when she was an ignorant though well educated country girl, the bridegroom being at the same time the managing clerk of the largest general store of her native village, and the store being the only village substitute for a bank. So Mrs. Brayce merely replied:

"Yes, he is in Wall Street."

For several months the minister fought rather shy of Mr. Brayce, although the man in Wall Street never offered him "straight tips," as occasional other parishioners from the same business locality had done. Two or three of St. Amos's congregation had in past days been obliged to give up their city homes and go to the country, all because of "good things" which enterprising Wall Street men had offered. The church had finally been deserted by the Wall Street men, also, after several of its wealthy members had been plucked so severely that no others showed willingness to submit to the operation; and the minister had good reasons for hoping that no more financial authorities would enter his fold.

As time went on, however, the pastor slowly satisfied himself that Mr. Brayce was not attempting to persuade any of the sheep of St. Amos's flock to become lambs for Wall Street shearers, to say nothing of wolves. Still more, he heard, from one after another of his trusty members and advisers, that, when they had cautiously sounded Mr. Brayce about certain apparent chances in the speculative market, they had been told, frankly and earnestly, that Wall Street was no place for any man who could not be all the while on the ground to look after his own interests, and that, for his own part, Brayce had no respect for any securities which a man could not afford to look up in his safe against whatever the future might bring forth.

Then the minister heaved a sigh of relief and breathed a grateful prayer; for during the period of uncertainty the reverend gentleman's only son, who had occasionally been bitten by the Wall Street wolf, had become very fond of the elder Miss Brayce, who was as pretty and good as any reasonable man could expect of a daughter-in-law.

"As," explained the minister to his wife, "Mr. Brayce discourages speculation—or, perhaps, I should say investment—by any one who cannot follow closely the money he has risked, it stands to reason that Frederick's mind will be diverted from the mad folly to which it has been addicted, and which has several times occasioned us serious embarrassment, and will thus be freed and able to select more sensible avenues of activity."

Apparently, however, Master Frederick did not accept his father's view of the situation; for one day he stood in the outer room of an office not far from Wall Street and remonstrated savagely with a little lame man who seemed the general factotum of the business.

"I tell you I must have more on it," said he, as the lame man looked doubtfully at a bracelet, set with sapphires of large size and deep color. "Seventy-five is no more good than seven without the five. If I can't put up an even hundred on G. K. & W. I can't put up a cent; and you ought to know, from what's going on in the Street, that it's as good a thing as the United States Treasury."

"You fellows all talk that way," replied the lame man, with a sickly smile. "Still I'll see the proprietor about it."

"Proprietor? Nonsense! Don't come any of your Speulow & Jorkin stuff on me. I never came here before, but all the fellows say you're the only man here who has anything to say about business. Who is boss, if you're not?"

As Frederick asked his question, he looked at the glass of the door for the name of the firm or individual which made a business of lending money at quick call upon valuable personal property which occupied small space; but the door was as blank as the mind of a freethinker. He turned his head again to repeat the question, but the lame man had vanished. A moment later the door of the inner office opened, the lame man ushered in the importunate borrower, and disappeared. At first the young man saw no one; but, suddenly, a head appeared over a desk, and then Mr. Brayce, Frederick's prospective father-in-law, advanced with a business-like air and without a sign of recognition, as he asked:

"You want a hundred dollars on this bracelet?"

The young man's tongue seemed paralyzed.

"It is worth far more, I am sure," continued Mr. Brayce, as coolly as if he never before had seen the would-be borrower. "Twould be a safe risk at two hundred. It is yours, I suppose?"

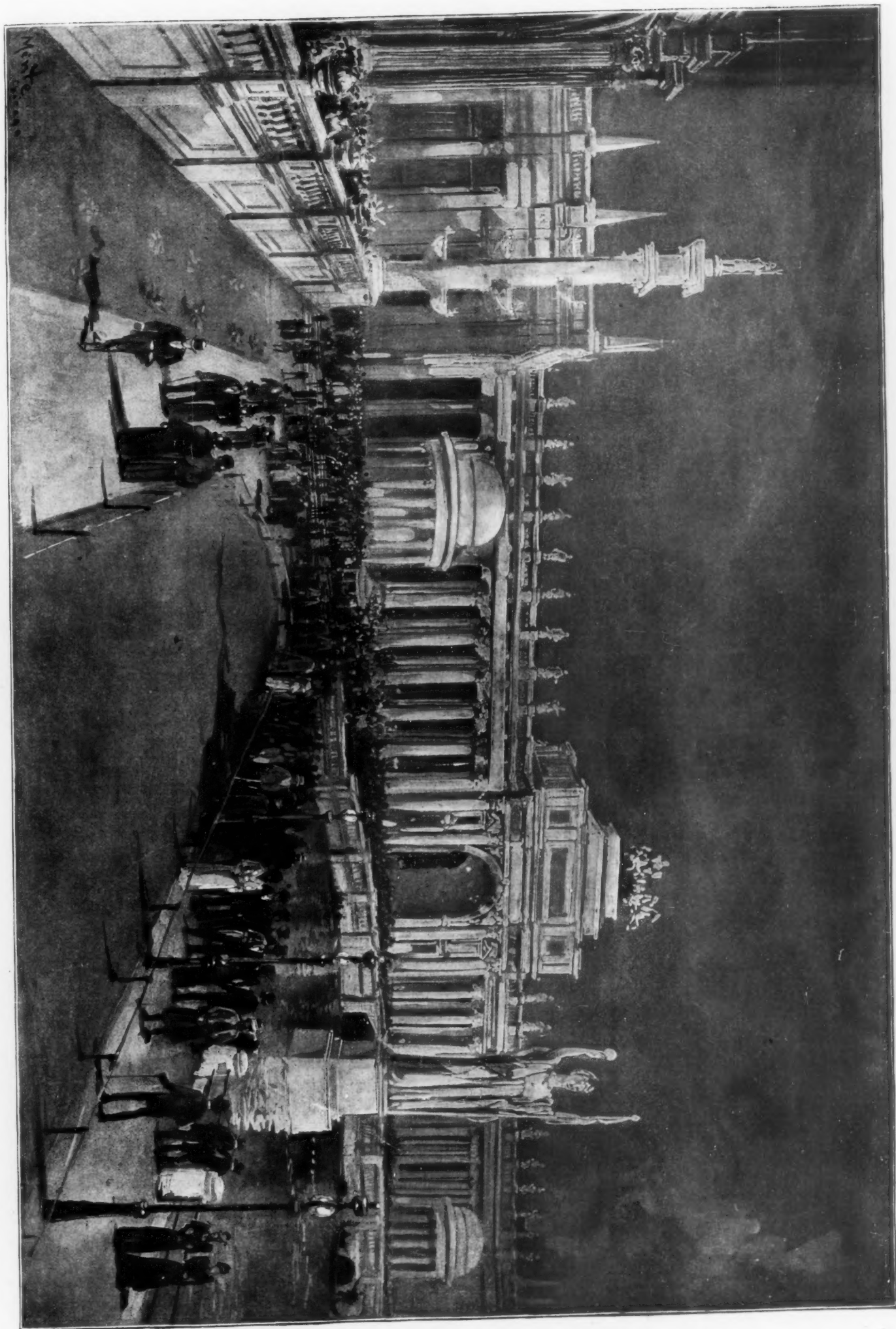
Frederick did not answer.

"In fact," said the proprietor, as he balanced the bracelet on his forefinger so that the light could strike the sap-

(Continued on page 6.)



CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.



WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO—THE GREAT FIGURE OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE PERISTYLE.

ODD CITY FOLKS.

(Continued from page 3.)

phires, "I have good reason to believe that the stones alone cost a thousand dollars. You may safely ask that amount on them in this establishment—if you can assure me that they are your own personal property."

Frederick dropped into a chair and shook like a man with an ague.

"Excuse me, sir," said Brayce, still as cool as if he were dealing with an unknown customer, "but speculators who borrow from me on portable property are seldom dumb or deaf. If you can't talk or hear, allow me to offer you writing materials." So saying, he handed the wretched young man a pencil and tablet on which he first wrote:

"How much? Your own personal property?"

Frederick looked up appealingly, but the money-lender's face was bland and impenetrable as the portico of the Sub-Treasury building. The young man gasped and tried to speak, but the proper words refused to come. Suddenly Mr. Brayce's face grew black, an artery in his forehead swelled until it looked like a knotted cord, and he snarled, between closed teeth:

"You contemptible scoundrel!"

"Thank you!" ejaculated Frederick. "You've most accurately expressed my opinion of myself."

"Yesterday," continued the money-lender, "you became engaged to my daughter, and gave her a ring. Where did you get it?"

"Before Heaven," exclaimed the young man, springing to his feet, "I bought it, and with honest money. I sold all of my meerschaum pipes, my watch and chain, part of my library—I cheerfully sacrificed everything I owned so that I might make the token worthy of her."

Mr. Brayce's brow cleared for a moment as he said: "It was indeed a handsome ring. She came to my bedside to show it to me and to tell me what had occurred. She asked me to kiss it, in token of my approval, and I did. She told me that in return she had clasped on your arm the bracelet which I gave her when she came of age, and which in our family signifies 'true blue'—absolute sincerity. And now, before twenty-four hours have passed, you offer this sacred pledge as security for money with which to gamble on risks of which you know nothing. Well, sir, as I've already asked several times, how much do you want on it? Name the amount and the money is yours, but my business custom is to take a bill of sale for any property offered, and I assure you that in this case I shall insist upon the transaction being final. Please be prompt: my time is of great value at this time of day. How much?"

"Give me back the bracelet!" exclaimed the young man.

"Not for all the money in all the banks in the world," replied the money-lender.

"Her dear hands clasped it on my wrist!" moaned the young man.

"Rather late to think of that, considering the circumstances, isn't it?" asked the money-lender, in mocking tones. Then he quickly locked the private door and the other, putting both keys into his pocket.

"You needn't take that trouble," said the young man, his eyes ablaze. "I don't want to get away. That isn't all, either; I'll not leave here until I have that bracelet in my hands again, to restore to its rightful owner."

"I'm quite competent to discharge that duty," said Mr. Brayce, as formally as if talking of an ordinary matter of business.

There was a dash and a struggle which attracted the attention of the lame man, who knocked violently at the private door.

"It's all right, Perker," shouted the money-lender. "I find—our customer is—is an old acquaintance, and we're having a little old-fashioned exercise together."

The struggle continued for several minutes; the younger man had been an apt pupil of a professor of boxing, but he seemed to meet his match. Suddenly, however, he bore his antagonist backward and to the floor, whispering hoarsely:

"Now give me the bracelet!"

"To borrow on elsewhere—to gamble with? Never! You can't take it unless you take my life."

"You know I can't do that—you cannot believe I would!" gasped Frederick. "God bless her—her dear hands that clasped it on me—her eyes and lips that sealed the bargain. Oh! God forgive me."

"That's very well, as far as it goes," said Brayce, "but you've some one beside Heaven to reckon with. I'm the girl's father. I've trusted you for the blood that was in you, and for my confidence I've been most shamefully insulted."

"Name your terms," said the young man, slightly relaxing his hold, "and make them as severe as you like. I must lose her, but—"

"—But you mustn't," was the reply—so unexpected that Frederick sprang to his feet. "You're a scoundrel and a fool, yet she—my own darling flesh and blood, loves you, and she must not be made unhappy. If you really are a man and not a mere fool of fancies and speculations—"

"Try me!" exclaimed Frederick.

"Will you solemnly swear, by all you hold dear—"

"By her eyes, her hands and her heart I will swear to anything," was the reply.

"You swear never again to gamble in stocks or anything else, to devote yourself to some honorable occupation, by which you will earn your livelihood?"

"I swear, by all that I love—my sweetheart, father, mother—"

"That's enough. Here is the bracelet."

Mr. Brayce arose from the floor, assisted by his prospective son-in-law. Within five minutes the two men were conversing as cheerfully as if they were old and trusted friends.

"The truth is, my dear boy," said Brayce, "that if you must keep in touch with the Street you can't do better

than be my confidential man here. You may not have a high opinion of the business, but so long as some men who pretend to be better than me are willing to make their fortunes out of rags, garbage and other extremely unsightly though valuable commodities, I really don't see anything out of the way in lending money at ten per cent a week on securities upon which I can realize twice the value of the loans, should the borrowers fail to pay and redeem their pledges. No business beyond the mere dealing in necessities would be done on the face of the earth were not some men determined to take great risks. As one of our great humorists once remarked, 'How would half of us live if the other half weren't infernal fools?' The business is clean, honest and safe; you couldn't do better than join me in it. If you don't see it in my light, I think, in view of our family relations, I can trust you not to give me away to any one who may be curious as to my line of trade?"

Frederick did not go into partnership with his father-in-law. His remorse was so intense and repentance so sincere that he abjured everything which touched Wall Street at any point. But Mr. Brayce continues in business at the old stand, and when his son-in-law, who now is a college professor, is questioned as to what his father-in-law is doing, he answers with fine dignity, in which coolness and profundity of manner are equally prominent—

"Oh, I believe he is in Wall Street."



In the Upper Crust the preoccupation of the moment concerns the coming of royalty and the manner in which royalty may be entertained. To be a guest is easy enough, the only requisite is an invitation; but to be host, there is the rub, for what are the usages of court circles? What, indeed? There is no book on the subject, and the only guides are experience and common sense. In the absence of both it is pertinent to remind intending hosts of Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry—*Don't*. But if you happen to have one or the other the only remaining obstacle lies with your banker. Royalty comes high. On the other side of the water now and again you meet people who have been bankrupted in defraying the expenses of a single royal visit. And oftener still you will meet people who would not balk at murder could assassination aid them in securing royal guests. But given a good rent roll and a roomy house, and the rest is not such hard work, after all.

You have absolutely nothing to do but to be in waiting at your doorstep and hold your tongue—unless, of course, you are spoken to, in which case it is usual to reply in terms so every-day that a microscopist would be unable to detect in them anything in any way resembling wit. Not so long ago a young man about this town went to London. One of his cousins, or one of his cousin's cousins, had married into a ducal house. And this cousin of his promptly invited him to meet the Princess of Wales. "Now," said the cousin, "after I present you, you must not speak to the princess unless she first addresses you, and even then you must be very brief. In short, don't attempt to engage her in conversation." The young man said he would not, and when the fateful moment arrived, bowed in a ghastly, silent way. The princess smiled, "And have you," she murmured in that undulant intonation which is the charm of English speech, "have you been long in London?" The young man drew a deep breath, and, raising his right hand, exhibited two fingers. "Two weeks," he answered. Then, raising his left hand, he exhibited three, adding sepulchrally, "And three days." Yet not to this hour does he understand why his cousin afterward said that she felt as though she could kick him. The moral of all which is that when royalty condescends to ask you questions, do not think that it will be taken amiss if your reply is not mathematically exact. And another thing to be avoided is an over dose of title. Don't say "Royal Highness" unless you wish to be mistaken for a waiter. When royalty is masculine, "Sir" is ample; when it is feminine, "Madam" will do every time. It is only sovereigns with whom higher flights can be taken, and then only at well-spaced intervals. It is just as well, also, to try and hold your own. Under the Napoleonic régime, more than a decade or two ago, a very pretty New York girl was presented to the Emperor. Now, the Emperor, not being a bit stupider than the rest of us, liked pretty girls, and very frequently intimated that liking. To this young person, therefore, he made himself quite agreeable.

"What is your first name?" he asked.

"Helen."

"Ah!" he cried, "would that I were Paris!"

"But, Sir," lisped that clever little girl, "you are France!"

That is the way to talk to royalty, and it is talk of that kind they like from American beauties.

The most recent crowned head whom we had here was the late Queen of the Sandwich Islands, familiarly known as Hokey Pokey Winkey Wum. She was on her way, in an exquisite gown of exquisite feathers, to attend that jubilee dinner at Windsor. But no courtier, however courteous, could describe her as fair to see. She was not quite as black as the ace of spades, but she ran it very close. She was a stout old party too, and had you encountered her in a horse-car you might have classified her as being a highly respectable laundress. Well, to make a long story short, to that jubilee dinner she went, and great was the consternation that she caused. The Chamberlain received certain orders and obeyed them.

"Sir," he said to the King of Saxony, "I am commanded by her majesty to say that your royal highness is to escort the Queen of the Sandwich Islands to dinner."

"I am, am I?" answered the king. "Now you just run back and tell her that I will see everybody hanged first."

That is the way king's talk. It is a trick they have, one which it is just as well for ordinary mortals like ourselves to avoid.

The most recent event in dramatic circles has been the revival of "The Three Guardsmen." What a story that is! What exuberance! what situations! what climaxes! what humor and what brilliance! It is a long, long time since it was originally published, but the world has not tired of it yet. It was first issued serially in a daily paper, and according to contemporaneous accounts the newspapers were besieged. People fought for copies, there were little riots on the boulevards; it was the talk not of Paris alone, but of Europe too. And here is the curious thing about it—to this very hour it has a larger sale than any other novel ever printed in France. The next best seller is "Monte Cristo." But Dumas knew as no one else ever has how to hold his reader. He charmed at will. Friends, enemies, editors, strangers, money-lenders, creditors—every one with whom he came in contact were fascinated and coerced by a magnetism which is notorious even to-day. He not only wrote novels, he lived them. He had as many escapades as his heroes. Born with a gold pen in his mouth, he made sums which were enormous and squandered them with fabulous ease. No man has ever been as generous. When his ships were in the filled vases with gold pieces and let all who chose help themselves. One day the vases were empty. His son happened to need two hundred francs and only had half the amount. He went with a friend to his father's house and left the friend at the door. In a moment or two he reappeared. "Did you get the money?" the friend asked. "No," he answered; "not only I didn't get it, but that prodigal father of mine borrowed what little I had." On his deathbed he opened his purse. There were ten francs in it. "Forty years ago," he said, "I came to Paris with twenty francs. There are ten left. And yet people call me extravagant!" Childishly proud of his successes—and in every genius there is always the child—now and again he uttered stupendous boasts, at which his son would smile knowingly. After the performance of the latter's play, "La Dame aux Camélias," Dumas wrote to him in the third person, as though he were a stranger, congratulating him on his success. The son—a true chip of the old block—replied that he was greatly honored to receive praise from one of whom he had heard his father speak so highly. At the initial representation of this play there were loud and repeated calls for the author. Dumas leaned from his box and shouted at the audience: "Behold me, I am his father." Such a man was bound to delight; and he did, and does, and will, no doubt, until novels have had their day.

The illness of Mr. Booth is a national sorrow. There is no one to replace him. Irving has become incoherent, and of Salvini we are to see no more. He is the last of the great line of actors. And what splendid days those were, when not only he was on the stage, but Davenport and Fechter, too! Booth was never good in melodrama, and a good melodrama is, perhaps, what we all prefer. It was in that that Fechter shone. He woke you up. No one, save Talma, perhaps, could thrill a house as he. Burdened with a terrible accent, you forgot it all in the splendor of his art. He was the only actor who could say, as he used to in "The Lady of Lyons": "We will loaf, we will be always loafers"—for "We will love, we will be always lovers," and not create a smile. Talma's powers were fully as great. Once upon a time he went to St. Petersburg. As he was walking in a park there the Czar joined him, talked to him for a moment, and went his way. Instantly he was arrested. It was supposed that he had first addressed the Emperor, and such a thing in Russia is worse than crime. Talma expostulated, but in vain. His captors would not believe his story, would not believe that he was an actor. Now Talma, who had taught deportment to kings, bethought him that he might teach the police a lesson, too. And in the guard-house where they had taken him he began to act. In a moment he convinced, and the police who had been anxious to hold him for treason were anxious to hold him for his art. The next day he again met the Czar. The latter attempted to join him, as before; but Talma had had enough of that sort of thing, and, bowing very low, told the Autocrat of All the Russias that he—the Emperor—was too compromising.

The last thing going in fiction is Mr. Edgar Fawcett's surprising novel "The New Nero." Last year or the year before some one said that all the stories had been told. That the novel of incident had gone. That there were no more plots to be had for love or money. If you believed any of those statements you will find them very neatly refuted in this book, and you will get out of it too what none of us have had for some time—a good, honest thrill. For Mr. Fawcett knows very well how to interest. He is a great literary adventurer. Ten or a dozen years ago he had everybody applauding his plays. Previously and subsequently he took occasion to show that, Longfellow gone, he was far and away our best poet. And all the time he has been handing out novels with a prodigality that quite resembles Dumas. No, don't let the statements alluded to interfere with your enjoyment of this story. Some time ago the steward of an Irish landlord wrote to his master that the tenants threatened to kill him (the steward) the next time he tried to collect the rents. The Irish landlord, from his London club, wrote back that the threats of the tenantry to kill the steward did not alarm him in the least. And so let it be with you. The threats of the ribald that you will only find boredom in our end-of-the-century fiction need not disturb you at all. They originate with a coterie of amiable gentlemen who have industry, pens, ink, paper, everything in short—except talent. Being unable to interest you yourselves,

they declare that everybody else is a bore. Now there are in zoology a number of quaint and curious creatures. An old writer, Pliny, says that in the region of Ethiopia there are a people that never expectorate, that never suffer pain of any kind, and who are ten feet high. Megasthenes knew of a race of men whose feet turned backward, and who had eight toes on each foot. Ctesias tells of a tribe of men who have the heads of dogs, and whose hair becomes white the moment they are born. He speaks also of another race that have only one leg, but who are able to leap with surprising agility. He knew, too, of a people that protected themselves from the sun by the shade of their feet. Near them, he says, is a tribe who have no necks and who have eyes in their shoulders. Tauron gives the name of Choromandae to a nation which dwells in the woods, and have no proper voice. These people screech in a frightful manner, their bodies are covered with hair and their eyes are bright yellow. Endoxus tells of another people of which the men have feet a cubit in length, while the women are so small that you can hardly see them. Megasthenes discovered in India a people who had holes in their faces instead of nostrils, and feet flexible as serpents. He also found a mouthless nation who subsisted only by inhaling the scent of the rose. Isogonus informs us that the inhabitants of Mount Athos live to their four hundredth year, and feed on vipers. According to Onesitrus there are men whose hair is white in youth and becomes black in old age. Crates of Pergamus says that in the deserts of Africa men are frequently seen that vanish in an instant. Sir John Mandeville encountered still more surprising beings—an entire nation made up wholly of women. Then think of those cunning little pignies that Du Chailly was supposed to have invented, but whom Stanley encountered too. Moreover, there were not were-wolves, sphinxes, two-headed geese, dragons and griffins? There was the basilisk which destroyed everything that it breathed upon, and there were the cockatrices that killed with their sight. But of all curious creatures the one which Emerson discovered takes the cake. He described it as having the eyes of a bug and the heart of a cat, and he called it, let me see, what did he call it? Oh, yes, he called it by a name which is almost unmentionable to ears polite; he called it—a critic. It would rather lie than not. Should you see one turn your back. And in no circumstances believe a word it says.

The dramatic escape from Sing Sing was almost immediately followed by an attempt, as yet unpublished, of a well-known man about town to commit suicide in a well-known club. He failed, it is true; but it was a very bad place to choose. It was not good form; and as suicide is a misdemeanor, it follows, as night the day and as logically as the making of four out of two times two, that surely and certainly bad taste leads to crime.

Edgar Salt

THE HEART'S CAROL.

WAKE! lovers, wake!
Wake with the waking May,
For lover's doubts and lover's fears,
And lover's sighs and lover's tears,
Will dim or brighten love's brief day,
And pass away.
Blush! roses, blush!
Blush with the blushing May,
For languorous bloom and subtle scent
On summer air are quickly spent,
A breath on dying wings to stray,
And pass away.
Sing! songbirds, sing!
Sing with the singing May,
For all the zephyrs that prolong
The sweetest echoes of your song;
The shadows of a song are they,
And pass away.
All hearts awake!
Wake with the waking May,
For many a golden afternoon
Will vanish into night too soon,
And life itself a summer day,
To pass away.

—ARTHUR J. LAMB.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

To any reader of ONCE A WEEK who sends us, before May 30, 1893, the complete list of words made out of one other word of any number of syllables, as in the example printed below, we will give a special complete edition of "Thackeray," comprising eight volumes, printed on extra fine heavy paper, bound in best English cloth, gilt side and back, and in large clear type.

The terms of competition are simple. Every reader desiring to try for the prize will only have to cut this notice from any number of ONCE A WEEK and paste it on his letter inclosing the word he has selected with its group of words formed therefrom.

To illustrate clearly the meaning of this competition we will take the word "amusing" as an example. From this word you have at once "am" and "musing." Then you have a, an, ai, as, aim, Angus, animus, agnus, gan, gas, gin, gun, gamin, Gus, gain, guin, I, is, in, Iua, Isa, ignus, man, main, mug, muns, musa, manus, miba, maun, Numa, nag, sin, sing, sang, sung, sain, Sam, Siam, sun, sign, snag, sung, sag, us, using, Una, uns, and probably others. Thus we have already made fifty words out of the simple word "amusing."

We invite every reader to try the interesting experiment. There is much amusement, as well as instruction, to be gained, and there is the added stimulus of a valuable prize.

In answer to numerous inquiries of subscribers in connection with our new Prize Competition, we lay down the following rules for guidance:

1. Choose a word of any number of syllables from which to form new words, remembering that the most complete list will be the list containing the greatest number of words.
2. In forming new words, no letter may be used more times than it appears in the selected word. For instance, "summing" may not be formed from "amusing."
3. Proper names are admissible.
4. Words of foreign origin, commonly used in English, are admissible.

A great many lists have already been received. The competition will close May 20, 1893.



This rounding of the circle and the contact with the present day of the point from which the great are started four hundred years ago, is interesting, in spite of philosophy.

The American atmosphere nowadays is electric with anniversaries and centennials, not to mention patriotic pride and the excitement of receiving company. It is pleasant to see the nations being civil, visiting with one another, getting chummy and confidential, and incidentally saying, "Feel of my biceps, neighbor!" No one who was present at the scene in Hampton Roads the other day, or at that other yet nobler spectacle in the North River, had any reason to blush for the American biceps; if there is not yet so much of it as others can show it is of wonderfully good quality, so far as it has grown. And our admiral is a good fellow, and as skillful a sea-dog as any of them.

It was a comfort, too, to the romantic mind, which had fed on the sea-fights of Paul Jones, Nelson, Farragut and the rest of the old wooden line-of-battle ship heroes, to discover that men-of-war still look very much like ships, and do not altogether yield to the iron-pot aspect, which, at one epoch of development, they seemed too likely to do. They are ships, and not amorphous monsters swagging stupidly over the blue waters. And their crews are not a set of pallid and priggish mathematicians, fighting with logarithms and transcendental equations; but they are hearty tars, light of foot and quick of hand, who will pull their hearts out to force their boat's nose over the line first in the rowing regatta, will man the rail or the yards as promptly and neatly as their forerunners, on parade; who roll in their gait and swear in their talk, and who, beyond a doubt, will fight, when the time for that comes, in a manner to make the ghosts of the vanished heroes glow with admiration. The mighty ocean sets a deep birthmark on its children. Let science pile on its steel plates and incredible machinery as it will, it all suffers the Sea-Change, and being afloat is dominated and molded by its billowy environment, instead of the contrary. As a matter of fact, indeed, the steel war-vessels of to-day look a good deal more like creatures of salt water than do those marvelous little boxes—their resemble chests of drawers afloat—in which Columbus came over here.

To my thinking, these caravels are by far the most stimulating to the imagination of anything in the late naval proceedings. We cannot contrast the flesh and blood of the men Columbus and Cortez and Balboa with the flesh and blood of our contemporaries; but we can bring these caravels side by side with our ironclads and clippers and pleasure yachts; and there is food enough for moralizing. How much smaller the ocean has grown since their day! How much more daring were the men of the fifteenth century than are those of the nineteenth! How wonderful that the hopes of the world should have been embarked on these crazy structures, and left at the mercy, not of Neptune only, who may have understood the situation, but to that of a dirty gang of garlic-eating, ignorant, mutinous Spanish sailors. Yes, it was to such hands that Providence gave in charge our destinies. Providence is always snubbing our self-conceit and smartness in this way: we make all our preparations, with every engine and forethought that human skill and ingenuity can supply, to move heaven and earth; and nothing comes of it. Whereas, a whimsical, cupidinous crank of a sea captain, with not more than the tenth part of a notion what he was about, blunders into an enterprise in which the odds against him are too numerous to calculate, and succeeds out of hand! What is the use of science and planning? The greatest things do themselves—when the time comes. Some day some one will start out in the dead of winter and walk to the North Pole and back, with no accidents, hindrances or hardships. Nothing could be easier; but millions of money and hundreds of lives could not accomplish the feat before.

No; the ocean is as big as ever, in spite of the discrepancy in size between the caravels and the *Philadelphia*. In sizing the two up against each other we forgot to credit the caravel with having aboard (as a sort of stowaway, not entered in the ship's books) the God of Destiny. Napoleon Bonaparte was not up to his usual form when he uttered that smart epigram about God being on the side of the heaviest battalions. Indeed, his own whole scheme of fighting was based on the opposite theory. We are as brave, and as enterprising, and far more sagacious and well-informed, as are than Columbus; but history is set to a time-lock, and the event will not open itself until the hands point to the hour.

The fascination of the story of Columbus and his caravels is, that they made a voyage into the Unknown. The glory of the achievement consisted, after all, in the profound ignorance of those who accomplished it. It is the unknown danger that tests true courage, for any one can be brave when he knows just what lies before him. Technically, the man who makes the trip to Europe in an open dory was more daring than Columbus; but we know that his feat was less memorable, not only because there was nothing (except the seaworthiness of his own boat) to discover or to prove, but because the course he sailed was a known course, and the worst that could happen to him would be to be drowned. True, nothing worse than that could have happened to Columbus. But then Columbus did not know it. For aught he knew or believed, he might have been devoured alive by the Lestrygons, or swept over the edge of things into the bottomless gulf, or caught in some immitigable current that should bear him helpless into Avernus. People in those days were superstitious and credulous. Wait till we fit out our first expedition to the planet Mars, in one of Professor Langley's air-ships. We may feel superstitious and ignorant ourselves then.

The final moral of the whole thing is, the apparent inadequacy of the means to the end. So is it in all things—and the converse likewise—"Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus Mus." We only appear to do things; but the real things are done with only the smallest possible conscious co-operation on our part—just enough to maintain for us the illusion of our independence. Destiny prefers to stand at the helm of the *Santa Maria* rather than of the *Campania*. Men are creatures in the most humiliating sense of the word; they are not sources, but merely channels of power.

Of course, that Naval Review suggested other lines of wholesome meditation, as well as the above. It was a lesson against what some persons are pleased to call economy, for one thing. If we had followed the counsels of those persons we should have had no White Squadron to match against the foreigners on the Hudson. How many millions of money would have compensated us for

such a disgrace as that? Public works, public strength and magnificence, for a great nation, are more important and useful than any possible private concern. No nation ever regretted expenditure applied to such purposes. If society dislikes to hear about crime and misery, and fellow-creatures starting to death in tenements, the remedy is in their own hands. But the national exchequer should be used with no begrudging hand for national purposes. So long as nations exist the individual must be sacrificed to its glory. Sentimentalism and cheese-paring should have no part in the counsels of rulers. But we seem disposed to run with the hate and hold with the bounds; and such spectacles as that of the last week of April should admonish us that it won't do.

But we must not forget the duke.

For my part—so much had my historical and biographical education been neglected—I was not aware, until a very short time ago, that Columbus had left any descendants. I had classed him with Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Dante, Bonaparte, and other heroes, who, if they had any children at all, did not put into them force enough to maintain the race. But I was all wrong; and, the first thing I knew, reporters of the New York dailies were interviewing, and artists thereof were picturing, the concrete human being who has the blood of Columbus in his veins.

It is difficult to decide just what is the right thing to say in this contingency. We owe the duke every courtesy and consideration as the guest of the nation; and he is, personally, a gentleman of excellent repute and unexceptionable good-breeding. He is apparently pleased with his entertainers, and supports with uncomplaining endurance an amount of social attention which might have tried the nerves of the original Colon himself. Criticism stands abashed before such a subject; and there is serious danger that his grace may return to the home of his fathers without once having suspected what any of us do really in the bottom of our hearts think of him.

For that matter, what conceivable human being would be capable of sustaining a rôle so tremendous as that of the Columbus of the nineteenth century? Imagination itself staggers before the idea. Certainly, the actual, let alone Cristófer Colon himself would by no means fill the bill. We have had four full centuries to make up our minds in, and we demand something far ahead of any reasonable reality. The safety of the gods of mythology lay in their invisibility. Had their worshippers once caught a glimpse of them, their reputation would have been ruined forever; whatever splendor their aspect might have presented, it would have been declared inadequate. To have heard about any great man, before seeing him, is very dangerous—for the great man. And the best compliment I ever heard paid to the present occupant of the White House was, that the nearer you got to him the bigger he appeared. But Mr. Cleveland's task as a great man is as nothing compared with that which confronts the contemporary Columbus.

He must be a personage of not merely human, but heroic, or god-like, but of nothing less than Continental proportions. George Washington was the father of his country; but Columbus is the father—we may fairly say the creator—of a terrestrial hemisphere. These portraits which represent him holding the globe in his hand, and measuring it with a pair of dividers, give about the right relative proportions between him and other men. I have read somewhere about a certain planet or sun in the universe the dimensions of which were indicated by saying that its diameter would barely fit into the space between us and our sun. The modern Christopher might perhaps find room for his feet on some such world as that. But even then, I should advise him, as a friend, not to run the risk of coming in competition with the human imagination. Let him imitate the mythologic gods, and keep out of sight.

The duke is not in the least to blame for our thus confounding his representative with his merely personal self. It is highly probable that he looks upon himself as a person in no way out of the ordinary bounds of nature. He has all his life had before him the fact of his ancestry, and has become accustomed to it. He does not know of what we are thinking when we look upon him. He does not understand our rubbing our eyes and muttering, "Another illusion gone!" And what an illusion!

It comes to this;—that, with all regard for the Duke of Veragua (if that be his correct title), and with the most cordial and friendly feeling for the man himself, it is nevertheless true that the descendant of Christopher Columbus has no right to exist. Or, at least, if we concede him that right, he should enjoy it somewhere—anywhere—else than here. When Christopher, after his last voyage hither, went back to Europe, he should have regarded it as that bourne from which no traveler should return—not traveler of his name or blood. Shakespeare, with his unflinching wisdom, cursed the man who should move his bones; Columbus, had he had Shakespeare's foresight, would have left a curse for whatever future Columbus should revisit the scene of his incomparable triumph. We should have been delighted to see the Duke of Veragua if we had not known who he was; but, though we turned out the guard and saluted him with all the honors as the thirteenth in line from our discoverer, we cannot truthfully say that we are glad to see him; for, as yet, we have not seen him—we have only and at most seen the duke.

Would any reader like to know exactly how the Duke of Veragua looks? I who write these lines have seen him, touched him, and spoken with him. Every detail of the occasion is engraven on my memory. The house in which he was to be seen was one of the historic mansions of the city, and there was none which was more noble and splendid in its appointments. All that wealth and taste could do to enhance its charm was done. The music that flowed through the rooms was the perfection of sound; the flowers which rejoiced the eye and flattered the nostrils were like the smile of nature in the midst of art; the assembled company was the best of our brave and learned men and beautiful and winning women. There was a manly masculine head worthy of Webster or Bonaparte; and many a female countenance fit to set on the shoulders of the Milesian Venus or the Egyptian Queen.

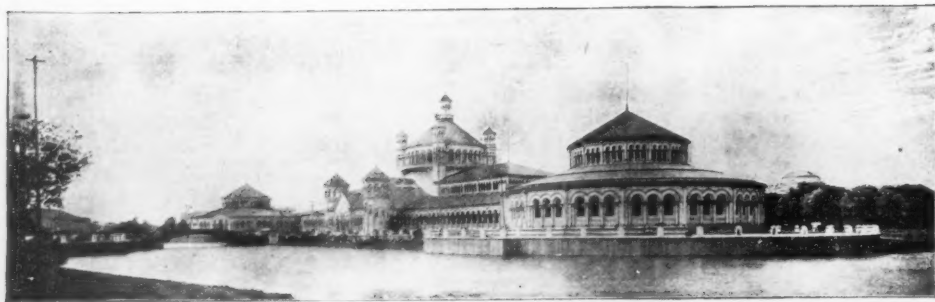
It was a grand entertainment, fitly housed. One felt the responsibility of assisting at it; it was august and historic. And now the rooms were filled; and one might live a lifetime, and never again see gathered together a multitude so worthy to represent the highest types of modern civilization. It only remained that the guest of the evening—the nation—of the age—should appear, and accept the homage that awaited him.

Suddenly the music rose into a more inspiring strain. It heralded the great arrival. The throng murmured, and then was hushed; the masses of color parted, leaving a lane, through which the . . . the duke approached. We crowded nearer, we stood on tiptoe, and craned over each other's heads.

Where is he? Which is he? What is that? That? . . . why, that is. . . You are joking—that can't be. . . Hush! Yes; that is it—he!

But, I repeat, it was not the duke's fault.

Julian Hawthorne



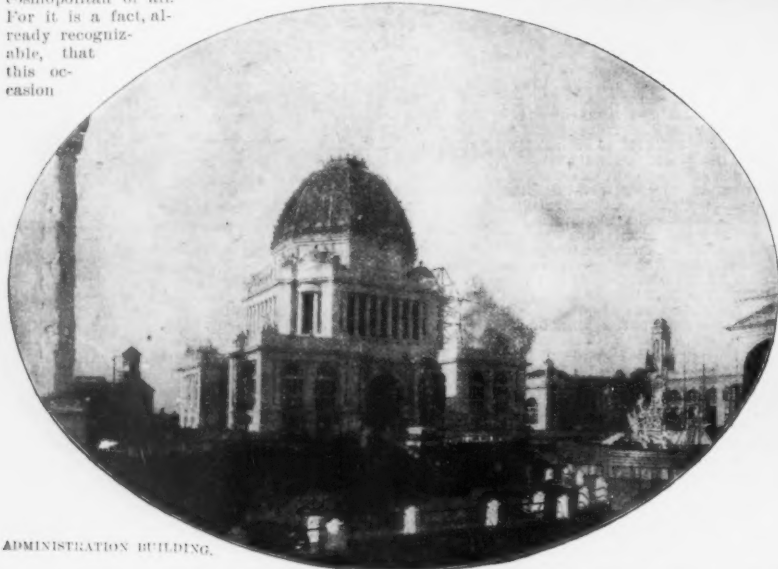
FISHERIES BUILDING.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHICAGO.

TO PLACE the keystone of the wonderful historical arch that spans four centuries has fallen to the city of Chicago, whose great International Exhibition promises to transcend in beauty and comprehensiveness all the functions of a similar character that have preceded it. The cleverest saying that has been made public concerning this Exhibition was that one, originating no one knows where, which said of it, that "the Paris Exhibition of 1889 should have been that of Chicago, and that of 1893 should have been placed in Paris." This remark was certainly a "two-edged sword." Yet it means not, by any means, that Chicago is an American Paris—or, *vice versa*. Every International Exposition that has been made has had a function and a result quite its own—running back to that in London, of 1851. There is neither possibility of comparison or contrast between any of them. There is this to be said, however, of them all, that each one of them is an advance on the one that preceded it.

The special features of the one we are considering are many and important. The occasion is exceptional—the discovery of America by Columbus—yet the Chicago World's Fair goes on its way without much regard for that occasion. Perhaps it differs from all other World's Fairs in a manner that might easily be overlooked. Indeed, it is a curious fact that the Chicago World's Fair is different from all that have preceded it—by being the most cosmopolitan of all.

For it is a fact, already recognizable, that this occasion



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

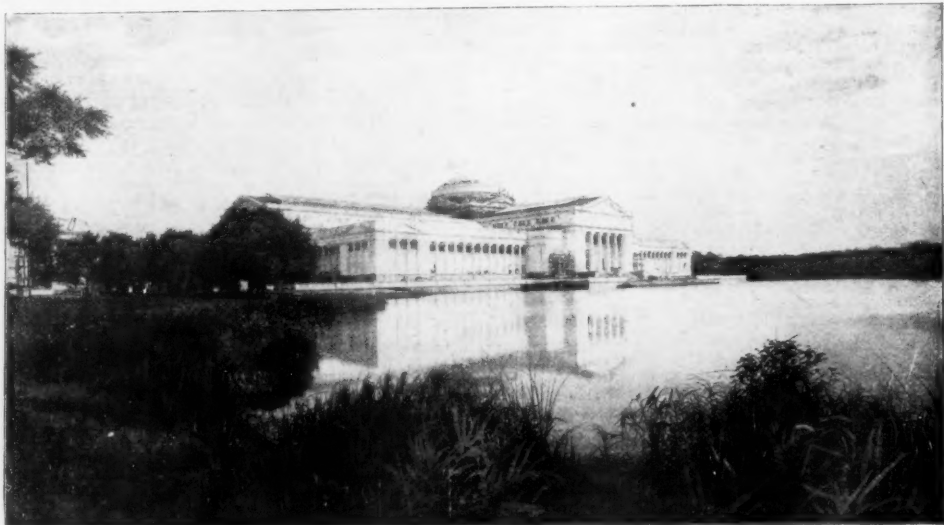
is marked by features which no other World's Exhibition has ever reached, in regard to the variety of races either appearing in it or exhibiting, or both.

The illustrative pages in the present issue of ONCE A WEEK specially present this feature. The delineation of the principal buildings show the prevailing architectural characteristics of the period: the draught upon the past to exhibit the tendency of artistic thought, in its application to the taste of the present. This "looking backward" is by no means a severe criticism on the conditions of present art, but only a perfectly consistent recognition of the real merit and purpose of an exhibition such as is now undertaken. The design, whether intended or not, covers the period of four centuries, and must therefore properly be archaic.

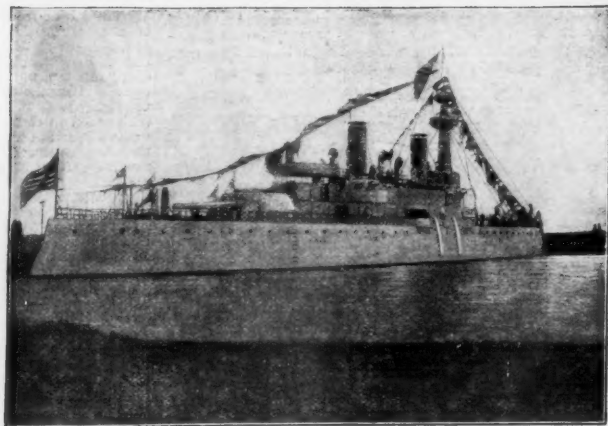
But the Chicago Exhibition is, more than in any other way, cosmopolitan and world-wide in its peculiar comprehension of the nationalities of the world. The Exhibitions which have preceded it have covered, mostly, the races of the Old World. This one is specially felicitous in comprising those of the entire sphere. A glance at our illustrations will show this. It was perhaps easy for London and Paris and Vienna and Munich to represent the progress in art and civilization of the Eastern Hemisphere; but where they failed, and where we succeed, is in showing these factors in the advancement of nations in their connection with the whole round world. For at Chicago we have not only Arabs, Moors, Japanese and Javanese, but we have drawn from the entire Western Hemisphere as well. Our illustrations, from accurate reproductions of the scenes, will show not only the presence of the races already mentioned, but also many others which have never before been exhibited at World's Fairs. For, of course, it has always been practically impossible to draw from this side of the earth such exemplars of native representation as would have "filled the bill." But at Chicago there are Eskimos from the interior of Alaska, Indians

from Central America, and Araucanians from Chili; Patagonians—in fact, with the North American Indian tribes represented, there are quite as many illustrations of life and progress in the Western as in the Eastern Hemisphere. And the latter has by no means been neglected. Our illustrations show indigenes of the Valley of the Euphrates, of Siam, of Japan, of Southern India, of Morocco, of Egypt, and of Java. The latter, by the way, made their first appearance in an International Exposition at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1883, when they were the special attraction of the show. To see the dances of the Siamese and Javanese is to obtain an entirely new view of the terpsichorean art; while to listen to their musical instruments is a revelation.

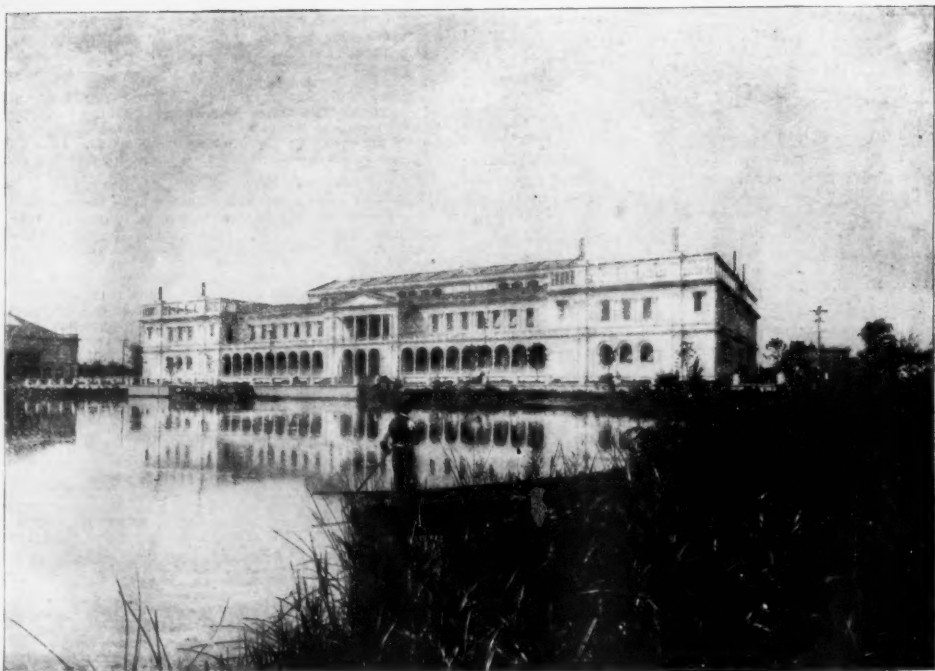
The Chicago Exhibition is, moreover, unique in its presentation of special exhibits illustrative of historic events or of personal incidents connected with history. Of course first among these must be mentioned the reproductions,



ART BUILDING.

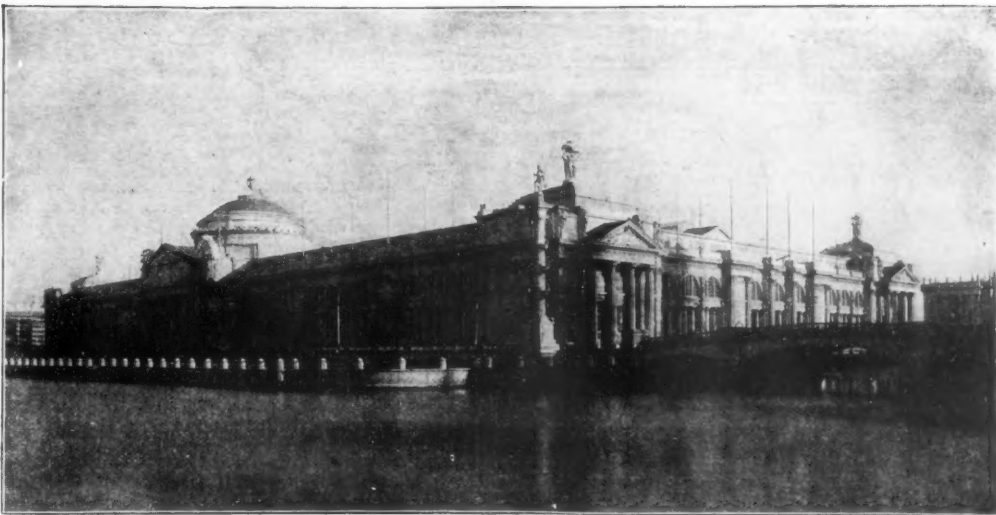


THE SHAM WARSHIP MADE OF BRICK AND WOOD.

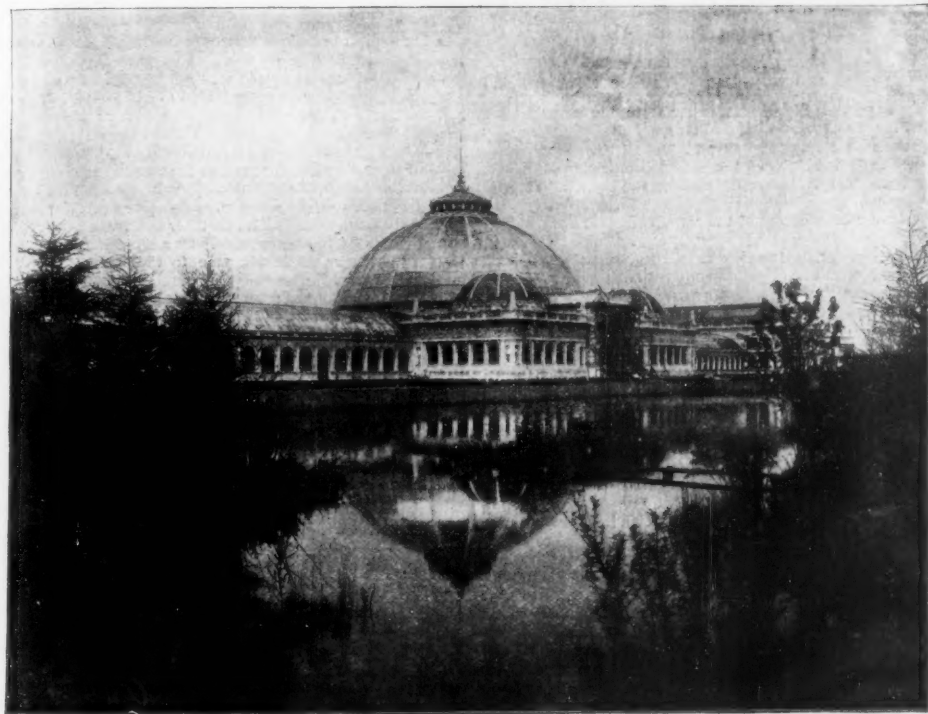


WOMAN'S BUILDING.

built at Cadiz, Spain, of the vessels included in the small fleet with which Columbus discovered America. But there are other "curios" that are well deserving consideration at the hands of every American. The "Liberty Bell" from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is certainly one of these; and the general outpouring of popular recognition of this historic relic as it moved along the line toward Chicago shows plainly how warmly patriotism stirs the American heart, even in these material and prosaic days. Another and most interesting exhibit, and which will be found fully illustrated in the present issue of *ONCE A WEEK*, is "Long Tom." A name which used formerly to be applied to the heaviest caliber gun on shipboard is now made the special designation of a particular weapon. The "Long Tom" in question, and which is to be on view at Chicago, recalls a most interesting episode in American history. This "Long Tom" formed a part of the armament of the American privateer brig *General Armstrong*, which chanced to be in the harbor of Fayal, in the Azores Islands, on September 26, 1814, having run into that port for water. On the same evening three British men-of-war, including a seventy-four-gun ship, followed her in, and, though greatly overmastered, the *Arm-*



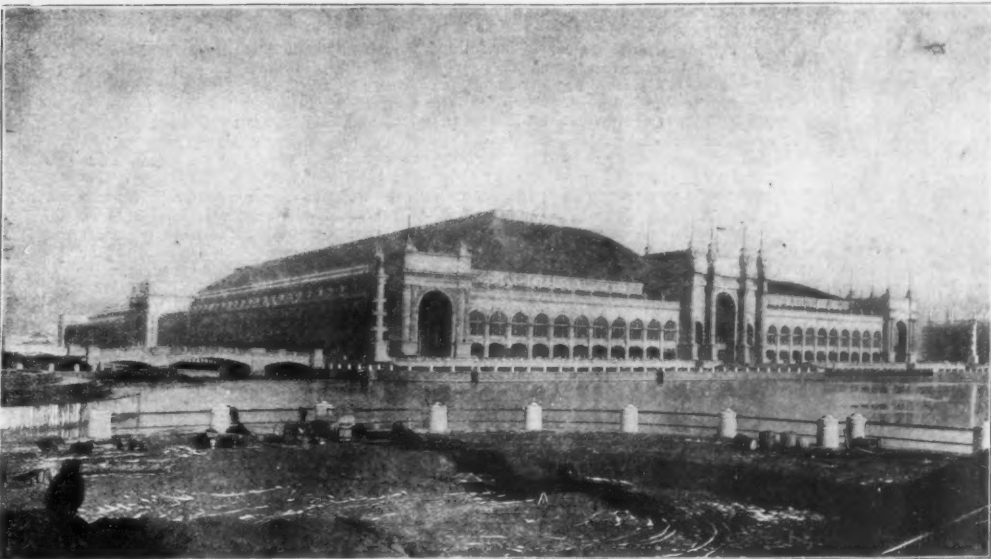
AGRICULTURAL BUILDING. VIEW FROM THE MAIN CANAL.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

strong gave battle to her adversaries. It was one of the most exciting situations of the "War of 1812." The *Armstrong* was commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, and, despite the tremendous force against him, he succeeded in holding at bay the entire British force until he unfortunately ran aground, when he became an easy prey to the enemy. It happened, however, that this encounter was to the advantage of New Orleans, for which port the invading fleet was destined, the delay proving to be the salvation of that city, when General Jackson defended it behind his "cotton bales." "Long Tom" did good service in this action, and its presence at Chicago will be significant of the narrow escapes that were run in the effort to resist the second British attempt on America. This gun was formerly a part of the armament of the French line-of-battle ship *Hoche*, and was captured by the British in 1798, and afterward sold to the United States Government.

All of this here written shows that the Chicago Exhibition may justly be considered more comprehensively cosmopolitan than any that has preceded it. So far as its contributions from foreign nations are concerned, it is exceptional. Indeed, it may be considered a veritable new "Tower of Babel" for the multiplicity of the languages that will be spoken on its grounds during the continuance of its mar-



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

velous display. When one remembers that from the Arctic regions to the extremity of Patagonia, and from Central America to "farthest Inde," the vocabularies of all nations and races will be exercised, it will be readily accepted that this is, even colloquially, the most extraordinary gathering together of the civilizations of the world that has ever been attempted, and that it is a fitting representation of the conclusion of four centuries of human effort in that direction.

OUR HETEROGENEOUS MARRIAGE LAWS.

THE Fathers of our Republic, in making a constitution which was presumably to endure for generations, naturally under the circumstances regarded that the States would partake more or less of the character of separate and alien countries. In extent of territory the individual States were on a par with European countries. Causes did not then exist as at the present time that obliterate boundaries and that establish a wonderful degree of homogeneity among the people of a continent, and that make the countries of the world familiar with each other.

The authority of States recognizes marriage as a civil institution, and the only reason that it was not taken into consideration in founding the American Union must have been that a greater future relative importance in comparison with the Federal Government was ascribed to them than has been and is now realized. In a country of the homogeneity and readiness of access of one part with another that this has now attained, uniformity of laws pertaining to marriage is absolutely essential, if the principles on which domestic happiness and morality rest are to be attended to.

This can be brought about in either of two ways: by the different States making their laws on the subject to agree, or by the general government, by constitutional amendment, taking it out of the hands of the States and making laws that will apply to all the people irrespective of State lines. In 1881 the New England Divorce Reform League was formed, and it was merged into a National League in 1885. Through its influence Congress passed a law requiring the Commissioner of Labor to compile the statistics of marriage and divorce for the entire country, and which were published in 1886. It is very questionable if harmony

in such laws could ever be brought about by voluntary State action. What seems much simpler is to make an amendment to the Federal Constitution on the subject and have the law of Congress cover it for the entire country.

No more striking illustration of the necessity of a great change in this respect has occurred recently than is shown in an opinion handed down by Judge Pryor of this city on February 20. Without giving details of the case, an extract from the opinion is as follows:

"To this conclusion I am impelled, but I am not forbidden to say that my reason revolts against it. By the law of Massachusetts its court had jurisdiction of the defendant in the divorce suit, and the decree of divorce is valid and conclusive. And yet I am to declare this Massachusetts judgment a nullity. By the law of New York the judgment I am to render is not only valid, but of so transcendent an efficiency as to impeach records and cancel the judicial proceedings of another State. Equally anomalous will be the effect of the judgment of this court on the relations and rights of the parties. In Massachusetts, not the former spouse but this plaintiff is the lawful wife of the defendant, while in New York the former spouse is still the wife of the defendant and his connection with the plaintiff a crime. The executive of New York may demand from Massachusetts the vindication of the defendant as a bigamist, but can he be a bigamist whom Massachusetts had released from the former marriage?"

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

ALL ABOUT VANITIES.

"Know, she who in her dress reveals
A fine and modest taste, displays
More loveliness than she conceals."
—*Cocatrix Patmore.*

ONE fine Sunday does not make the spring, as fashionable woman has discovered to her dismay since Easter came and went. April's changeful moods do sadly complicate the ever-momentous question of "What shall I wear?" and have shown up with cruel irony the unfitness of our new "vanities" for the exigencies of the season. But, at least, we have had a preliminary peep at the fashions that are to be, and the tardy ones among us have borrowed some useful hints from an inspection of the Easter plumage of earlier birds.

It is safe to predict that the reign of the color-craze will be brief. It already runs to an extravagance perilously akin to vulgarity. The ideas carried out by women of taste and experience in the combination of striking colors are beautiful and effective in the extreme; but similar experiments stumbled on by persons notably lacking in the artistic sense are hideous to the point of nausea.

Perhaps the whole difficulty lies in the prices of the materials used. All the expensive dress fabrics come in such exquisite shades that it is nearly impossible to combine them fatally.

Cheaper ones are cruder in color, and a happy blend can only be the result of judicious selection.

The Easter girl of this season forcibly recalls Max O'Rell's description of the American woman dressed for conquest—she has a "look of hooray!" about her. That sums up everything pretty well. Even so, she bears down on you from every quarter, rustling, flaring, fluttering; belabored, beribboned, befeathered; sweeping men, mere men, out of her path as a sparrow chases flies off the spoils of the highway. There are yards and yards of her "on the round." The hem of her skirt is at least six, and as for the wavy edges of her frills and furbelows they simply knock at measurement. Then her capes. She wears a great many capes, one above the other in fluted tiers, audaciously combined as to material—cloth, satin, lace, beads, fringe—she is absolutely indifferent so long as it be capes. Higher up, the hat claims tribute of reverent admiration. It makes you think of the hanging-gardens of Babylon—which you have never seen, but imagine must have been somewhat in this manner—elevated plateaus with flowers all over. Only sometimes the flowers are feathers, and occasionally they are both. A wonderful composition, on the whole, this girl of the period. A sort of walking anachronism. 1830-ish, decidedly 1830-ish, and yet so very *fin de siècle*.

But, marvelous to relate, the old-fashioned, new-fashioned, resplendent young person has not quite snuffed out all the lesser lights on Vanity's stage. The tailor-made girl still steers a straight course between the obsolete and "the latest," clad in useful serge or tweed, with semi-fitting coat bodice, trim waistcoat of Tattersall, or fancy vesting, irreproachable shirt, and necktie of the most approved shape. Our old friend the blouse is also as popular as ever; the most *recherché* novelty in this department being one of accordion-plaited shot chiffon. Our illustration shows a graceful pattern carried out in surah or mervelieux silk. Another important accessory to the toilet is a bolero jacket. I saw a charming collection of them

the other day in all colors, with handsome borders of metallic embroidery. One of these would light up the most somber gown, and over a light silk or satin blouse produce a very dressy effect. A pale purple one, powdered with steel beads, was very rich-looking; another beauty was in fawn cloth, having wide revers and a deep border of gold and shot beads. There were also black silk ones studded with jets and others of heavy open braiding.

To correspond with the gay frocks, of which we give three charming illustrations, there is a batch of new shades in gloves. The once inevitable tan now yields the first place to gray, lemon, flesh, or milk-white. The latter are very popular for both morning and afternoon wear, and lend distinction to an ordinary toilet. But as they increase the apparent size of the hand, and cease to be charming unless absolutely spotless, it is not every woman who can afford to indulge in them.

The revival of the Victorian flounce and bertha—the latter calling for sloping shoulders—has revolutionized the fashions in jewelry. Incredible as it may appear, the long steeple-shaped earring is reinstated, though we must devoutly hope few women will be tempted to profit by this decree of fashion. Not all the gold or jewels in the world can palliate the wanton act which mars the beauty of a perfect ear by piercing a hole in it. Even the tiniest diamond screw is, we think, a questionable ornament, as it carries the in-

evitable suggestion of outrage on the dignity of the body. The revival of the necklace and locket is more to be commended. It forms a welcome addition to evening dress, especially when there are "salt-cellars" to be concealed. Then a kind of romantic interest attaches to the locket. There is never any knowing what secret it stores, whose image it preserves or lock of hair it carries. It is no mere vanity which has hung it round the fair neck of the wearer; it has perhaps been reverently kissed before the putting on, and the hand that seems to you to idly toy with it is lavishing caresses on the unknown whose face it enshrines. So live the locket, with anything else that speaks to the heart or brings it crumbs of comfort.

The prevalence of green has created a demand for emeralds. They harmonize well with the mauves and purples of the hour, but are a little trying to some complexions. Pearls are always prime favorites, dividing the honors pretty fairly with diamonds.

Truly our grandmothers have nothing left to reproach us with. The latest novelty in resurrected fashions is a night-cap of improved pattern. It is becoming quite popular. It is made of the finest cambric or nainsook edged with delicate lace, fits close to the head, and is said to be much more becoming than the inevitably tumbled chevelure which comes of the "unconfined restraint" of sleep.

To close my list of vanities I will just mention two new shades which my readers may not yet have heard of. One is "sunburn" and the other is "toast-brown."

ENTRE NOUS.

Is it true that party strife, already sufficiently leavened with bitterness, will take on a keener edge of rancor when women enter the field of politics? So says a Western editor. He thinks envy, malice and all uncharitableness have their natural abiding-place in the female breast. He believes we shall begin by debating and end by clawing each other's eyes out. Are we really so bad? Let us at least pause and think before we blindly rush into the exposed arena of political life. Are we prepared for the venomous onslaughts of a female opposition? Can we calmly keep our seats while the honorable lady opposite uncovers the secrets of our past, tells the honorable House how much we pay our cook, what we do with our left-off clothing, and possibly, if it came to the worst, how old we are? All this is matter for grave reflection. We should thank the discerning editor who has put up the timely danger-mark. No doubt many who were coquetting with the notion of a seat in Parliament, and secretly caressing the Presidential chair, will now and here take prudent warning, vowing never more to dally with the temptations of public life. Better try and save the unflattering reputation we have got than risk it bodily in the deadly battle of the hustings.

The following incident, translated from the French, should prove interesting to American readers:

"Some years ago several ladies of high rank found themselves thrown together in one of the waiting-rooms of the Empress of Germany. Passing through Berlin, they had, it seems, sought, through their respective ambassadors, the favor of an audience, and a day and hour had, by a letter from the *grand chambellan*, been appointed for a reception. They were absolute strangers to one another, English, Russians, Austrians, Italians, brought together for the first time by the mere accidents of travel. The hour for the reception passed and the sovereign was not making her appearance, whereupon one of the ladies expressed her astonishment at the delay to her neighbor, and defended her impatience with the avowal that, being an American, she was not thoroughly used to court etiquette. The person addressed smiled, and replied that she also was of American origin, and had but lately married an Austrian nobleman. The others, drawing near, took part in the conversation, and they were pleasantly amazed to discover that the whole of them had come from the United States, from the East or from New England!"—Such is the irony of fate. The monarchies make the crowns and the crests and we do the rest.

There is balm in the mere suggestion which comes to us from a contemporary, of a new treatment for calming excitable, overwrought nerves. We are told that two or three handfuls of primroses thrown into the bath produce a most soothing effect on the system. True, it involves an act of ruthlessness that goes against the grain, if one happens to have—as who has not?—a special fondness for the dear little blossoms of the spring. But the instinct of self-preservation is stronger than the love of beauty, and when once the excellence of the recipe has been tested, there will be small compunction about sacrificing the delight of the eyes to the restfulness of the body.

I would like to say a word to the bride-elects of the coming season about a point of importance which many girls settle in an off-hand fashion, as if it were a mere matter of caprice and vanity. There is a growing tendency to extravagance in the number of bridesmaids,

which, in ordinary cases, the occasion hardly justifies. It is a pleasing custom to have a sister or friend wait upon a bride. No one would like to see it abolished; but, unless in the case of a lady of high rank or position, a whole train of attendants is, to say the least, in questionable taste. In fact, there is just one adjective—a very objectionable one, too—which applies to any kind of unnecessary and incongruous display. Girls who pretend to nice feelings and pride themselves on their *savoir faire* should be careful how they put themselves in the way of being characterized by the awful epithet. But, apart from the question of appearances, there is another consideration which ought to carry still more weight with a bride in keeping down the number of her attendants. She should remember that the bridegroom's expenses, already sufficiently large, are sometimes inconveniently increased by the introduction of a train of bridesmaids on the scene. The "trifle" in the way of jewelry, which is the bridesmaid's perquisite, when turned into figures and multiplied by six or eight becomes a very respectable item in the bill of the future husband. Of course, poor Edwin would rather die than breathe a hint of his feeling about the matter into Angelina's pretty ear. There is an embarrassing delicacy about the situation which leaves him no alternative but to submit to the sweet will of his fiancée, did she ask for forty bridesmaids. But surely this is a case in which a woman's proverbial tact should come to the fore. The man who is going to marry her may be too deeply in love to concern himself just at first about mere money matters, but post-matrimonial developments not infrequently bring to light some unsatisfactory revelations as to financial matters which had their origin in the desire to gratify a thoughtless bride. Our American girls are counted superior in intelligence to the women of other countries. It would become them to take the lead in matters calling for the exercise of good sense and taste. Let them show the world that marriage is to them something more than an opportunity for ostentatious parade, that it is, on the contrary, a private and sacred ceremony in which the world and its pomps and vanities can have no part. "Of all festivals," wrote Goethe, "marriage feasts seem most inappropriate. Calmness, humility and quiet hope would seem especially becoming at such a season."

PHYLIS EMILY FLYNT.

LAMPS—OLD AND NEW.



THE lamps of the past were articles of necessity. Now that we do not need them they are articles of luxury and ornament.

The fad for highly ornate lamps seems ever to increase, and this season they are more lovely than ever. Some of those displayed in the shops are marvels of artistic workmanship.

There is very little that is original in design so far as the bodies of the lamps go; they are all patterned after Greek and Roman shapes. It is in the design and manufacture of the shade that the very modern lamp excels; the variety and number of those seem never to end. You may walk through a large establishment where they are kept, and of

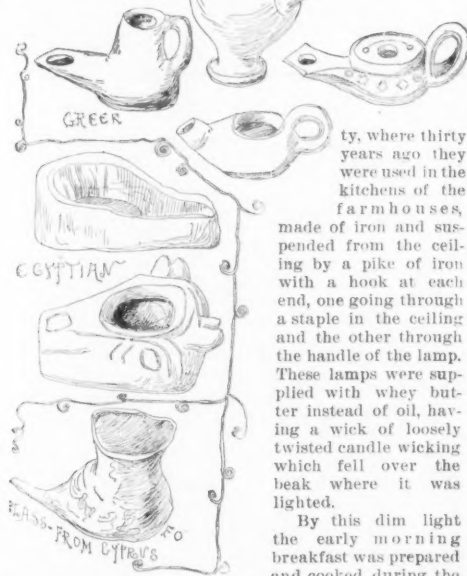


the hundreds displayed no two will be alike. Yet, for all their beauty and novelty, they lack the charm of the queer old Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Persian or Cyprian lamps, such as are shown in our illustration.

The Greek lamp, which is the simplest in form, was in almost general use up to the beginning of the present century. Even to-day one may occasionally find among

the French-Canadians and some of the old Dutch settlers in this State the same low oval metallic lamps that were used by the ancients, made with a handle at one end and a beak at the other.

I have seen them up in Herkimer Coun-



ty, where thirty years ago they were used in the kitchens of the farmhouses, made of iron and suspended from the ceiling by a pike of iron with a hook at each end, one going through a staple in the ceiling and the other through the handle of the lamp. These lamps were supplied with whey butter instead of oil, having a wick of loosely twisted candle wicking which fell over the beak where it was lighted.

By this dim light the early morning breakfast was prepared and cooked during the winter months, when the farmer had to be out milking his cows long before the sun was up.

The ancients studied the shapes of their lamps more than the principle of combustion. They gave to them the most graceful outlines, ornamenting them with grotesque figures and fanciful designs which were often of great beauty.

What could be more exquisite than the Persian lamp here shown, which is of solid gold, set with turquoises,

and the old Spanish Cathedral lamp, of pure silver, exquisitely wrought.

All these ancient lamps gave a dull, smoky light. It was not until the introduction of the lamp chimney, a very modern invention, that a satisfactory light could be obtained from a lamp.

Of the three modern lamps here shown one is a Japanese bronze, exquisitely shaped, having a handsome shade of pale yellow chiffon. In the group of two the smaller one is a terra cotta, with a shade of red silk, trimmed with black lace. The other is a white porcelain, ornamented with pink flowers; the shade is of white chiffon, trimmed with bunches of pink roses and buds.

The frames of these shades are of wire, made in various shapes and sizes, and are very inexpensive. It is the cost of the material with which they are covered and the price charged for making that places them beyond the reach of a slender purse.

The banquet lamp, which is now being made from three to five feet in height, is much more in favor than the piano lamp. The latter, however, has its advantages.



OLD SPANISH CATHEDRAL LAMP



A JAPANESE LAMP



AN IONA CENTER LAMP

A WHITE PORCELAIN LAMP

Standing at the head of a divan, it throws a pleasant light on a book. It can be lowered or elevated to just the height one desires, and can be easily moved to any part of a room.

Besides these two popular styles, there is an endless variety of lamps in every size and shape to suit the purses of both rich and poor. Some of those with ground glass and porcelain shades are beautiful, and so useful that no home is quite complete without them.

JULE DE RYTHER.

A CONVENIENT way they have in Holland and Batavia of tying the matrimonial knot when the lady is in one country and the gentleman in the other. For the Hollanders are such a thrifty industrious people that they like not to lose time even over the most solemn services. The marriage is affected by procurator. The watches of the two parties—the one say in Amsterdam and the other in Batavia—are regulated to accord, or the difference in longitude allowed for. Then at the same instant of time the marriage ceremony is performed in both places, and the thing is done.

(COPYRIGHT.)
MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTON.
Author of "Boatie's Baby," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Mrs. Winton and Phyllis reached the drawing-room that evening, followed by Christian, the lady of the manor turned with a triumphant expression to her sister.

"Oh, my dear, it's as plain as a pikestaff; the man is a mere corresponding clerk in the city—at Howell and James, or one of those big houses, I shouldn't wonder."

"My dear Florence," said Phyllis quietly, "it doesn't in the least matter if Mr. von Dörnberg is a crossing-sweeper. He has done me a good service, and I think Gerald exceedingly kind to repay a gentleman's act like a gentleman, by offering him the greatest compliment that is possible from one man to another. I don't think, Florence—I don't want to vex you—but I don't think it was very polite of you to deliberately set to work to pump a stranger—a guest at your own table—as to his private affairs and his social standing. I wonder that he didn't see it and resent it."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Winton with superb indifference, "people of that sort never take offense; they will swallow anything to be on terms with their betters."

"I haven't got common patience with you," said Phyllis, in an indignant undertone.

It was a remarkable thing that nobody ever had patience with Mrs. Winton except herself. There was many a person in the neighborhood of Dazleigh Manor, who, after intercourse with Mrs. Winton, put an amazed question to themselves or to their immediate audience—a question which said, "What could Gerald Winton have been thinking of to marry that horrid woman?"



FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists.

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"My dear," said Mrs. Winton in her most superb manner, "I should not have resented asking him to dinner, which of course was a very gentlemanlike and proper thing to do, if the man had a little more sense of the difference in our positions, but he puts himself quite on the footing of an equal. I suppose it's ignorance, but really I call him nothing more than an insufferably forward person."

Now as poor Phyllis did not know what Von Dörnberg's natural position was, it was no use saying anything in answer to this argument; so she indignantly went to the piano and began to play softly. She was dreadfully annoyed, but it was no use being annoyed with Florence; she knew that. And she played on for some little time, until suddenly a new thought struck her.

"Florence," she said, suddenly turning to her sister, "how is your throat?"

"Oh, it's all right, thanks," said Mrs. Winton, unthinkingly.

"Florence," said Phyllis, turning round on the music stool, "had you really a sore throat this morning, or had you only Mr. Hawkesley on the brain? If you had, what a sell it must have been for you that I went to the church while he was in the village."

"I am surprised at you, Phyllis," said Mrs. Winton indignantly; but somehow Phyllis knew that she had hit the right nail on the head in making the suggestion.

Well, for once in his life Gerald Winton seemed utterly inclined to go against his wife. If the truth were told, he was none too fond of the vicar of the parish, and had always very much disliked the idea of his marrying Phyllis Damer. He had an instinctive sort of feeling that the man was a brute, and that he would make anything but a good husband, and as he had many a time expressed it to his wife, Phyllis had quite sufficient to live upon, and need not in any way consider the question of a home. Moreover, he did not believe that a living worth a thousand a year was sufficient inducement for a girl to marry a man with whom she was not actually in love; and he was certain, as certain as he had ever been of anything in all his life, that Phyllis was not in love with Mr. Hawkesley. But, with regard to the stranger, Von Dörnberg, no thought of Phyllis ever entered his mind. That she could marry a foreigner of any rank had not occurred to him. He himself was perfectly fascinated by the strength, and equally manly and gentlemanly bearing, of his sister-in-law's preserver. Therefore, before the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room he had arranged for a rat hunt to take place during the following week, that being the best piece of sport he could at that time of year offer for Mr. von Dörnberg's delectation, very much to the disgust of the vicar, who was bitterly resenting the entrance of this stranger into the little circle of which he hoped some day to be one.

Phyllis was still at the piano playing a dreamy sonata when the men entered, and Von Dörnberg went toward her like a needle to a magnet. It was not a wonderfully good piano; in fact, it was rather a bad one, and it was always more or less out of tune; but it was against music to him, and he stood up against the wall listening with all his soul in his blue eyes.

"You play exquisitely," he murmured in her ear as the last faint notes died away.

"You sing, too?"

"Oh, no, my sister sings," she answered. But, somehow, she did not that night wish that Florence would show off her somewhat meager little gift of song to this German stranger, who, in all probability, was musical himself.

"Are you musical?" she asked.

"Yes, I play and sing."

"I wish you would sing something for us."

"Oh, yes," he answered.

She rose from the piano and motioned to him to take her seat. "Mr. von Dörnberg is going to sing to us," she said, looking across at her sister.

"Oh, we shall be delighted," said Mrs. Winton frigidly; but in truth she was not particularly delighted.

She was passionately fond of music herself, and as the strains of the "Sonata Pathétique" stole out from under his strong fingers, in spite of her vexation and in spite of herself she was gradually drawn to the piano, where Chris, and her husband were already standing listening. Only the Vicar of Dazleigh kept his position on the hearth-rug, where he stood with his hands behind him, scowling on the group at the piano.

And how the man played! I have said that it was not a wonderfully good piano; but, poor in tone as it was, Von Dörnberg made it speak as it had never before spoken within the memory of its owners.

Phyllis was almost choked by the emotion that swept over her, and Christian cried out, "Oh, do go on!" when Von Dörnberg came at last to a stop.

"Pray do," said Mrs. Winton, in a voice struggling between delight and acidity; "really it's quite professional; we don't often hear such music in this part of the world."

Now, with people of the Winton class, to be professional is to suffer social damnation, and Phyllis looked up with a sort of gasp and the deepest possible reproach in her sweet eyes. "Yes, do go on," she said softly.

So Von Dörnberg played on, and played on, and played on, and then, without being asked or being pressed further, he began to sing. Such a voice! The voice matched the man for quality, and his manners for cultivation, and if Mrs. Winton had only known it, he sang one impassioned love-song after another, and he sang them to Phyllis. Phyllis was the only one in the room who understood German, and so she was the only one who caught the meaning of the words and understood the intonation in which he sang them. And, somehow, her cheeks, and her eyes, and her heart seemed to be set on fire, and she went to bed that night with her heart palpitating, her eyes shining, her cheeks burning, and something new in her soul that had never found place there before. Oh! to think that her sister could ask her to marry, wish her to marry that dreadful man at the Vicarage. She had always detested him; but detestation was too mild a word now—she abhorred him.

"I may come over and pay my respects to you, Mrs. Winton?" said Von Dörnberg on parting.

"Oh, certainly," said the lady of the

Manor, perhaps a shade less coldly than she had spoken to him before. "But to-morrow is Sunday."

"You do not receive on Sunday?"

"Oh, well," broke in Gerald Winton, "of course country Sundays are rather stiff, and people stop in the house and go to sleep on Sunday afternoon. But do come out, Von Dörnberg; we shall be delighted to see you come out to-morrow afternoon, and we'll have our rat-hunt on Tuesday morning."

"Oh, yes, we shall be charmed to see you," said Mrs. Winton, and, in spite of herself, the effect of his music had been such that her invitation was quite cordial in tone.

"You are very hospitable and kind," said Von Dörnberg, bending over her hand with profuse politeness.

So Phyllis went off to bed that night secure in the pleasure of meeting him again. She scarcely acknowledged as much to herself, but already Von Dörnberg had made an impression upon her such as no man had ever done before. I don't say that she was actually in love with him, as he undoubtedly was with her, but he interested her, and she admired him, and she was also grateful to him for the kindness of the afternoon. And then, again, in his manner and bearing he was a total contrast to the husband whom her sister had chosen for her, and whom nothing would induce her to marry.

"Oh, Phyl," cried Christian, following the girl into her own room, "oh, isn't Mr. von Dörnberg simply lovely?"

"Well, I don't think he's exactly lovely, dear," said Phyllis laughing.

"Oh, don't you think so? Oh, Phyl, I think he's simply too lovely. Oh, how could mother be so civil to Mr. Hawkesley? Oh! wasn't he horrid to-night—wasn't he rude?"

"Well, I think he was rude," said Phyllis. "You know mother hopes you're going to marry Mr. Hawkesley, Phyllis."

"Oh, don't say that, dear."

"But she does," persisted Christian, "be-

(Continued on page 14.)

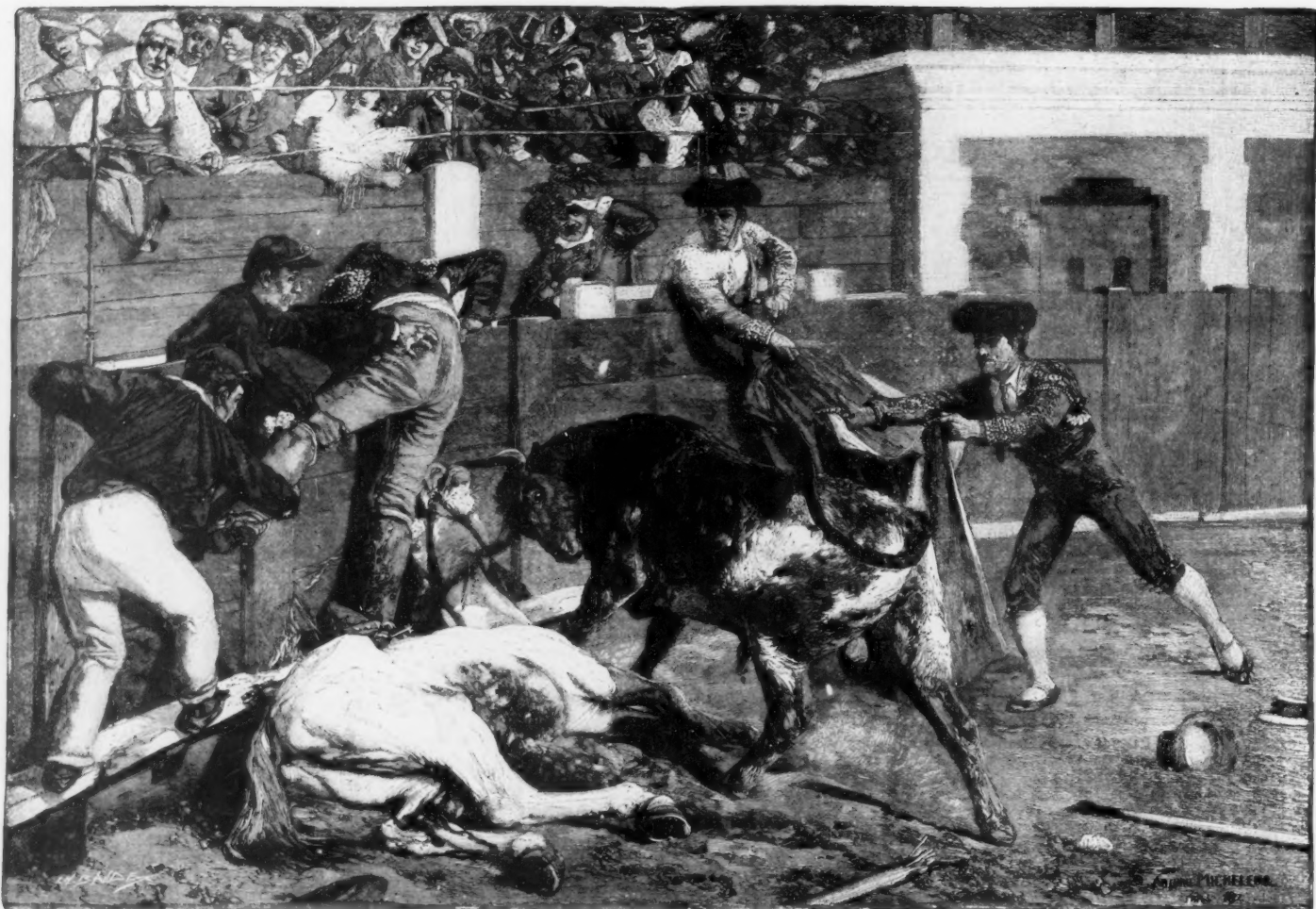
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Cures Others will cure you.



A BULL-FIGHT.

SPAIN'S NATIONAL SPORT.

BULL-FIGHTS are the national pastime in Spain, while Spaniards are passionately fond of this cruel sport. We have often heard many allege in defense of their attachment to this amusement or savage method of entertainment that it is not half so brutal as a prize fight, in which two men pummel each other until they are a mass of bleeding flesh, raw and unsightly, and almost beaten out of all human shape.

The principal bull-fighters in Madrid at the present time are Lagartejo, Mazzantini and Guerrita, and they have all acquired magnificent fortunes in the exercise of their calling.

Lagartejo, the oldest of the trio, lives in princely style, and has a handsome country-seat, at which he entertains the aristocracy; for he is a great favorite with the gilded youth of Madrid.

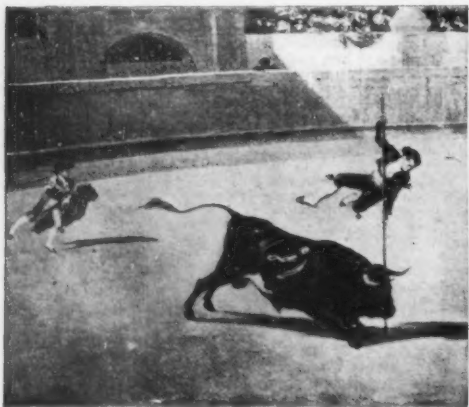
Mazzantini is greatly admired by the fair sex who repair

Bull-fights have so often been described that it is almost useless to say anything in regard to this matter which would not sound tame and trite. But we may add that in Spain this sport is patronized both by high and low. Indeed, some of the most aristocratic young men, officers in the army and navy, often give amateur performances in which they engage with great spirit and zest.

A bull-fight is presided over by a president, who occu

themselves up in battle array, a door is thrown open, and the bull rushes on the scene, his eyes flashing fire and his nostrils dilated with rage. The *banderilleros* flaunt red flags in his face to draw away his attention from the *matador*, the *picadors* torment him by pricking him with their lances, and thus they play with the poor brute until they have wrought him to desperation, and in his mad career around the ring he gores the poor horses, sometimes disemboweling them, or again tosses one of the two-footed animals that are tormenting him. Finally the signal is given to dispatch the poor brute. Then the *matador* rushes forward and gives him his death-blow, thrusting a sword through his neck just behind his ear. Then a trumpet is sounded announcing that the climax of the entertainment has been reached, while the poor beast is dragged off in his death throes—to be succeeded by another and another, until four or five bulls are killed.

On state occasions the royal family and the court attend these performances. When the queen regent first went to Spain she was obliged to witness a bullfight from motives of state, although the spectacle was repugnant to her. It is said that the queen turned deathly pale, but succeeded



LEAP WITH A VAULTING POLE.

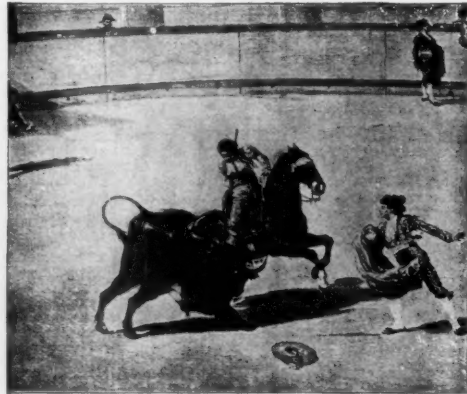
to these entertainments, and he is really a handsome man, as can be seen by his picture. However, there is a cruel, tigerish expression in his soft, velvety black eyes which mars their beauty, and a cleft in his chin that stamps him as being fickle, while his full, swelling lips reveal a sensual disposition. But he has a smooth, noble brow, a straight nose, and regular features. And socially he is a prince of good fellows. He is a man of refinement and culture, and was private secretary to King Amadeus during that monarch's brief reign in Spain; but he has found bullfighting more remunerative. During his trip to Havana in 1887 he made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in six months.

Guerrita, as he is called, is the youngest, and is the son of a wealthy landowner who is famous for his fine breed of live stock. His son Guerrita is now a millionaire, and is very popular in Madrid.



LUIS MAZZANTINI.

pies one of the most prominent boxes. A band of music discourses martial strains, and it is quite an imposing spectacle when the performers make their appearance in the arena, the *picadors* on horseback, the *banderilleros* and the *matador*, the hero of the day, on foot, all attired in flashy, gaudy costumes similar to that worn by Escamillo in Bizet's opera "Carmen." They proceed to salute the president, and after parading around the ring the signal is given for the performance to begin. The men draw



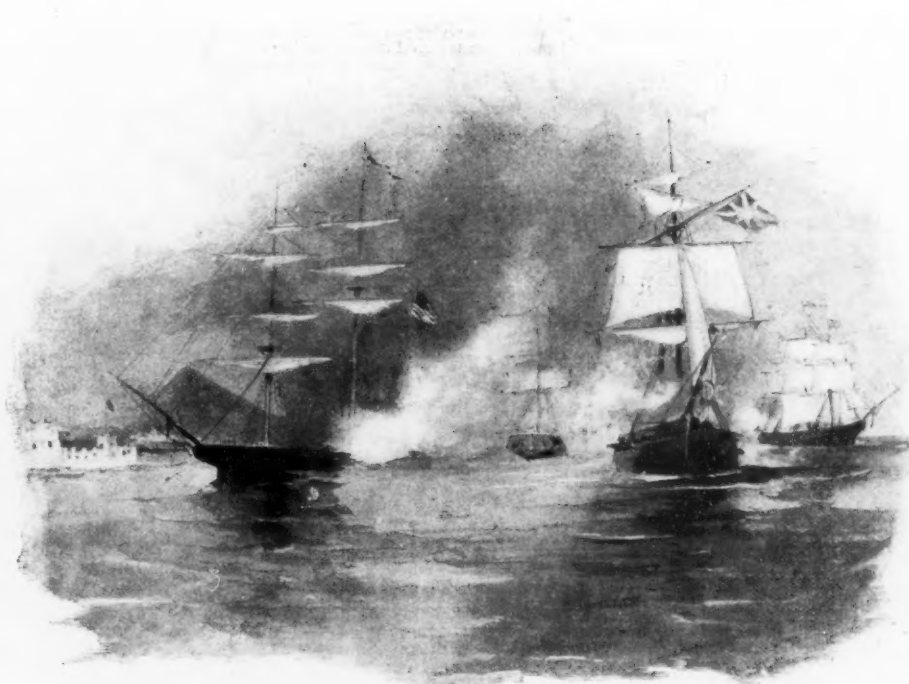
THE PICADOR'S THRUST.

in controlling her feelings, and unflinchingly stood it to the end, as she was aware that her presence at this national sport would insure her popularity with the populace, who were jealously watching every gesture.

The bulls of Veragua are the finest breed in the world, and are raised on a stock farm belonging to the Duke of Veragua. They command as high a price as fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars apiece, which, when one considers how they are doomed to perish in the arena, makes this pastime quite a costly amusement.

Often bull-fights are given for some charitable purpose under the auspices of some of the members of the aristocracy, and these ladies honor the hero of the day by conferring a rosette on him with their colors. The bulls are decorated in a similar manner, so the four-footed as well as the two-footed animal looks quite gay.

Accidents often happen, and when the *matador* is unable to get out of the way of the infuriated beast, and is tossed in the air, a cry of dismay breaks forth among the fair sex, while they turn sick with horror at the ghastly sight, as the luckless victim is carried out of the ring in the arms of the attendants.—MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.



NAVAL BATTLE AT FAYAL BETWEEN THE AMERICAN BRIG "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" AND A BRITISH FLEET.

THE SHY MAIDEN.

DIALOGUE FROM THE PERSIAN.

The Lover.
I love thee better than words can say,
And yet thou hidest from me away;
O, that I were a falcon bold,
That I might clasp thee—might clasp and hold.

The Maiden.
Wert thou a falcon seeking me
I'd be a fish in the broad sea.

The Lover.
If you a timid fish became,
A fisherman should be my name.

The Maiden.
Were you a fisherman, then I
Would be a cloud up in the sky.

The Lover.
Shouldst thou turn cloud, and so remain,
I certainly should be the rain.

The Maiden.
And if as rain you should be found,
I'd be a plant deep in the ground.

The Lover.
Were you a plant, deep as might be,
I'd be a mole and dig to thee.

The Maiden.
Then would I to a needle turn,
And for some faithful tailor yearn.

The Lover.
Were you a needle, and should drop
Into some tailor's sewing-shop,
I'd be a thread—and henceforth we
Forever should united be.

So love, though spurned and overthrown,
Will some day meet and claim its own.

JOEL BENTON.



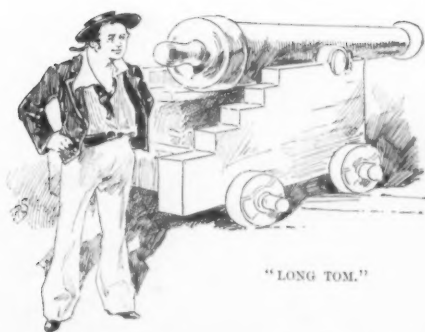
CAPTAIN REID,
Commander of the "Armstrong."

What a treasure to an administration must be such a man as Secretary Lamont, who combines the necessary qualifications to fill acceptably one of the most important Cabinet offices while also relieving the President from the heartbreaking business of deciding questions of patronage. Lamont possesses in a high degree the *savoir-faire*, and practices successfully all the gradations of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. An office-seeker who can't get what he wants takes his disappointment good-naturedly from Lamont. If Daniel finds himself daily in the lion's den he knows how to control the savage beasts. All hail, Daniel!

A black cat plays a very important part as a critic for one of the London theaters. Whenever a new piece is brought out by Mr. Charles Hawtrey at his comedy theater, the judgment of a black cat is awaited with superstitious interest. If the cat walks out on the stage and surveys the audience, the manager knows success is assured. If the cat don't appear, failure is almost certain to follow. Funny, that superstition about black cats.



"THE PINTA."



"LONG TOM."

"LE SECRET DU PRECEPTEUR,"

BY VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

As A fine piece of literature, as a clever amusing story and exhaustive study of human nature, "Le Secret du Précepteur" is an unqualified success. The philosophy, the humor, the morality of it are of course essentially French, and one must go to the French language for adjectives that will justly describe its merits. "Fin" *méchant*, *moqueur spirituel*—these are the untranslatable terms that convey an idea of its character and tendency. But, besides this, it is a book with a purpose; the purpose being to celebrate the triumph of infidelity as an educational system over the Christian religion. In this respect it is an unqualified failure. One would have thought the author had genius enough to detect the weak spot in his argument; namely, that the subjects of his educational experiments are most unequally matched. Mme. de Brogues is a weak, sly, sentimental hypocrite, masquerading as a devotee, whereas Monique, the pretty infidel, is a kind of a genius, strong of will, keen of perception, of artistic temperament, and candid to rudeness. She has sprung, Minerva-like, full-armed from the head of her creator. The real issue, then, is not between opposing systems of education, but between diametrically opposite natures. And somehow Monique's victory is not a real one after all. The reader closes the book on her triumph with a sense of disappointment, a suspicion that he has been tricked, that the real facts have been suppressed and a false ending trumped up to a very exciting story. M. Cherbuliez's big guns have missed fire. The Church still survives, and "Le Secret du Précepteur," at the best, will live and be known as a witty abortion.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

The best woman is she of whom the least can be said, either in the way of good or harm.—*Thucydides*.

The Creator may have repented the creation of man, but He has no reason to repent having made woman.—*Matherbe*.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—*Simonides*.

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes.—*J. Marston*.

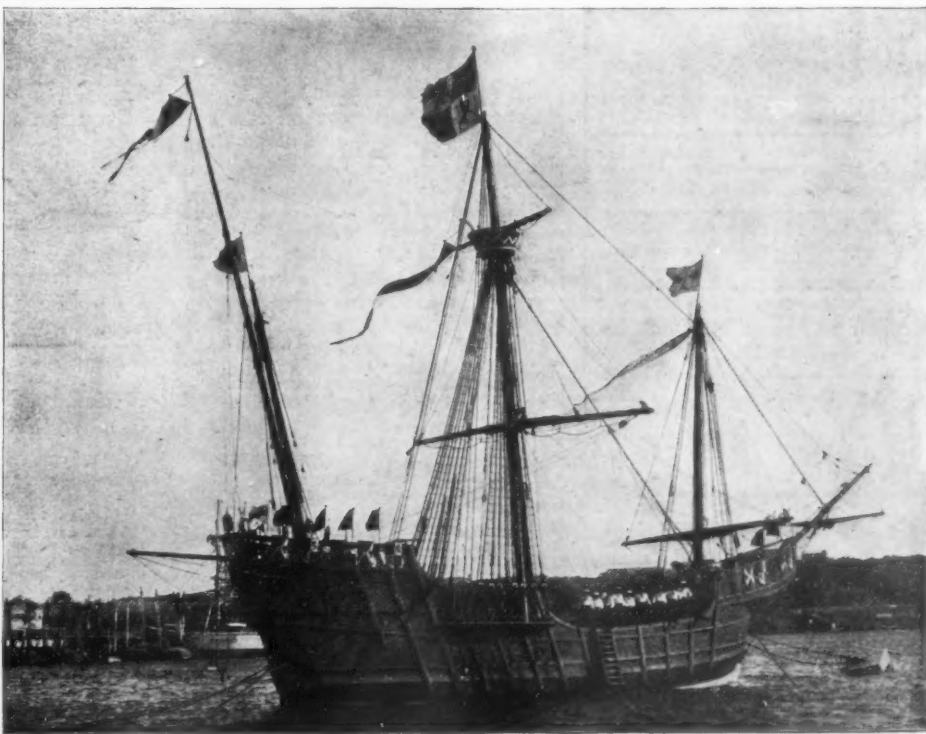
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"

"Atchoo! atchoo! kind sir," she said.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven; clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.—*F. Hargrave*.



"THE SANTA MARIA."

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A drink that is popular everywhere.
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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

(Continued from page 11.)

cause she told me so. And I hope you won't, Phyllis; I'm sure he'd be a horrid husband. I'm sure he's like Bluebeard; he's got half-a-dozen wives put away in a cupboard."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Yes, I know, clergymen are supposed to be perfect, but I don't like that kind of clergyman. I once saw him kick Frizzie right across the room."

"What!" cried Phyllis.

"Yes, I did; it was the other afternoon, when he came to call, and you weren't in, and Martin told him you were out, but that mother was at home. Mother was upstairs when he came into the drawing-room. He didn't see me, but Frizzie was asleep on the hearthrug, and when Martin went out of the room he said, 'Oh, confound it all! And then he gave poor Frizzie a kick that sent her out of the room howling.'"

"Are you sure?" cried Phyllis incredulously.

"I'm as sure as I am that I'm alive at this moment," said Christian positively.

"And what did you say to him?"

"I told him," said Christian deliberately, "I told him that he was a beast."

"What, straight out?"

"Yes, straight out," said the girl. "And I told him that I should tell you, and then he pretended that he hadn't seen Frizzie, but he did; he saw Frizzie as plainly as I see you at this moment, Phyl. He's a beast, is Mr. Hawkesley, and now that I have told you, I feel ever so much better about it."

"Poor Frizzie," cried Phyl, catching up the cat, which was asleep in his basket.

"Never mind, dear, we'll pay that kick out interest, will we?"

"No," put in Christian, wisely, "and if I were you, Phyl, I should give him compound interest."

"We'll see, Frizzie," cried Phyllis in a soothing voice, "we'll pay it out, won't we?"

Mrs. Winton made a point of asking the vicar to come in to tea the following day after afternoon service. Afternoon service at Daggleigh was at three o'clock, and was over about a quarter past four. Equally, the vicar made a point of accepting the invitation, and Mrs. Winton very cleverly contrived that he should walk home with Phyllis.

It was not very far, and generally Phyllis and Christian, and one or two of the younger children, used to fly away home before the vicar could possibly get his surplice off. But on this afternoon she permitted her sister's small and rather transparent machinations to prevail, and walked across the two fields which divided the manor from the church with the vicar beside her. As a matter of fact, Phyllis had something to say to Mr. Hawkesley, and she meant to say it.

As soon as she was assured that they were out of hearing of the others, she turned to him and plunged boldly into the subject which was just then uppermost in her mind.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Hawkesley," she said, in a very cold voice, and with a proud carriage of her little head.

"I wanted to speak to you about what happened yesterday afternoon. I don't know what my manner can have conveyed to you in the past, but you must

please understand in the future that you must never take such a liberty as you did yesterday when I met you on the road from Harburgh."

"I beg your pardon," said the vicar, "I don't understand you."

"It is quite easy to understand," said Phyllis, in a chilled tone. "You met me on the road with Mr. von Dörnberg beside me, and you dismissed him exceedingly rudely, and with an assurance of manner which you had no right to take with me. You must clearly understand that you must never attempt that tone with me as long as you know me. I never forgive impertinence, and although I have no wish to quarrel with you on account of my sister, and because of our living so near each other, and so on, you must please try and realize that I bitterly resent anything of the kind."

The usually ruddy face of the big parson had faded to a ghastly gray color. "As your vicar," he began.

"You are not my vicar," she said. "You are the vicar of this parish; but you have no right to interfere in my concerns whatever. When I come to you for spiritual advice, then will be time enough for you to give it to me. I don't want to say anything rude, Mr. Hawkesley, but you know as well as I do that your unwarrantable impertinence to me yesterday was not in any sense given from a vicar to a parishioner; it was a purely personal matter, and I am exceedingly indignant about it."

Mr. Hawkesley looked across the pleasant Summer landscape with angry eyes.

"Of course," he burst out, "if this organ-grinder fellow is more to you than an old friend I have no right to say a word. I imagined that a lady, as you are, would be glad to be relieved from the pestilential society of such a person as that sausage-eating German. I naturally believed that you would thank me for getting rid of him. I had no idea that he would be received into the Manor House after the style of a conquering hero. That is the worst of this world, one learns to know the people whom one believes to be one's friends so very slowly."

"You have not learned to know me," said Phyllis, in a cold voice, "or you would have learned to know that I am quite capable of keeping a man who bores me or whom I dislike, very effectually, at arm's length. I think that you might have learned that by this time, Mr. Hawkesley," she said, with a certain accent of contempt in her tones. "As to Mr. von Dörnberg being what you so elegantly describe as an organ-grinder and a sausage-eating German, and other equally complimentary things which are not a credit to you to use as terms of reproach, I can only say that I prefer the manners of that class of person to the manners of some people whom I know to be in a position superior to that of an organ-grinder, though scarcely superior, perhaps, to what you call a sausage-eating German. I don't know what you intend to convey by

that term; I daresay you eat sausages yourself." She was getting angry, and therefore her last words rather lost the forbiddance which had distinguished her previous remarks.

"Oh, well, Phyllis," he said, perceiving a certain tendency to tears in her tone, "oh, well, Phyllis—"

"Miss Damer, if you please: I have never given you leave to call me Phyllis. Your doing so without it is an unwarrantable liberty, Mr. Hawkesley."

"You're very hard on me," he said sulkily.

"Perhaps I am, but such as my manner is, it is but the outward expression of my

(Continued on page 15.)

NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

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MEDICAL SCIENCE at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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We can put you in the way to make \$250.00 per month without any risk, all that is required is a little **Pluck** and **Push** and you can make it. We want a live party to represent us in your locality and to sell our household goods by sample; no peddling, our goods are new and in great demand and you have the chance to establish a business that will pay you handsomely. We will pay a salary or commission as you prefer. If you are interested write for particulars today. Address "Manufacturers," Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

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MME. A. RUPPERT GIVES FREE!
To All Purchasers of Her World-Renowned **FACE BLEACH** During the Coming Week a Full-Size Bar of Her Exquisite Almond Oil Complexion Soap.

Over Eleven Thousand Ladies Called at Mme. Ruppert's Parlors in New York City Last Week.

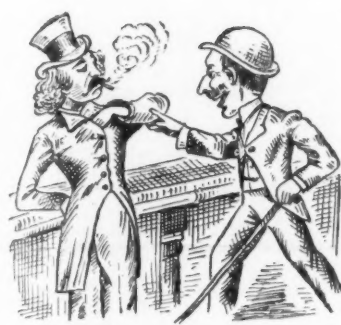
MME. RUPPERT did last week what no one has ever before accomplished—she actually gave away, as she agreed to do in her announcements in last week's papers, to callers at her various offices in different parts of the United States, over ninety thousand sample bottles of her world-renowned Face Bleach. Mme. Ruppert did this to prove to all interested that her preparation was the most wonderful and, in fact, the only preparation known that will harmlessly and effectually remove all blemishes of the complexion, including moth, freckles, sallowness, pimples, acne, eczema, blackheads, oiliness, roughness, or, in fact, any discoloration or disease of the skin; also wrinkles (not caused by facial expression called lines). It does NOT cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a permanent cure.

See that all your purchases bear both the photograph and signature of Mme. A. Ruppert in full on label.

THIS WEEK, to prove beyond all question the superiority of her exquisite **ALMOND OIL COMPLEXION SOAP** over ALL others, she will present a bar **FREE** to all purchasers of her world-renowned Face Bleach. This liberal offer also applies to ladies at a distance who order by mail, as well as callers. I send Face Bleach to all parts of the world, securely packed in plain wrappers, free from observation, on receipt of price—one bottle \$2.00, or three bottles, usually required in severe cases, \$5.00. MME. A. RUPPERT'S well-known book, "How to Be Beautiful," of which more than three million copies are now in circulation, will be sent, on receipt of 6 cents in postage.

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—BRANCH OFFICES:—
235 State St., Chicago, Ill., 13 Winter St., Boston, Mass.



Should you meet a public speaker,
Orator or actor great,
Who is daily growing weaker
And in highly nervous state,
If of headache he's complaining,
As a sincere friend you may,
Tell him he should be obtaining
BROMO-SELTZER right away.

A Peerless Beauty.

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BLUSH OF A ROSE?

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

This wonderful purifying agent removes blotches, pimples, tan and every trace of beauty-marring defects, and gives to the plainest features a complexion which is a perfect DREAM OF LOVELINESS.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS all Over the World.

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mind, and you must take it for what it is worth."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HAWKESLEY and Phyllis had passed out of the meadow into the grounds of the Manor, and he held the little gate which led into the shrubbery so that she might pass through it. She turned round, for she was a gentle creature, and stood still, facing him.

"Mr. Hawkesley," she said, rather more kindly, "you and I don't quite understand each other—or, rather, you won't understand me. I have done everything I could to spare you the humiliation of putting a certain question to me again. I have no wish to quarrel with you, because you are the vicar of my sister's parish, and it would be exceedingly unpleasant for her and for yourself if there was any coldness between us; and I think you have taken a little advantage of that fact. It is not quite fair, but it is still less fair that you should make a personal question between yourself and me a matter of resentment against that gentleman, who did not know of my very existence this time yesterday, and who would never probably have known me or spoken to me had it not been for the great service he was able to do me. For your sake, and for the furtherance of your wishes, my sister was for the first time within my recollection forgetful of her duties as a hostess—I am equally sorry that you have forgotten yourself as a clergyman and as my sister's friend."

"I don't know what you mean," he said angrily.

"Oh, yes you do," she replied; "you know perfectly well that you have forgotten last night and to-day your profession of Christian charity to all and your good manners toward me. I beg, Mr. Hawkesley, that you will not bring this question forward again, and that neither will you forget that you have absolutely no voice in my affairs or conduct." She held out her hand to him, and said, "Now, let us be friends and nothing more."

But the Vicar of Daggleigh was a young man who, to his credit be it spoken, never knew when he was beaten.

"Miss Damer," he said, "since you will not let me call you Phyllis—I am not the kind of man who gives up anything he has set his heart upon. Sooner or later, I mean to win you for my wife. I'll do anything to gain your affections or your consent, but I will never give you up. I love you; you know I do. I apologize for what I said yesterday—naturally, I should not have taken that tone had I thought you would resent it—but I mean to marry you sooner or later."

"Never!" said the girl promptly.

"Never is a long day, Miss Damer," said the vicar with a smile.

"Then," said Phyllis, taking away her hand from his clasp, "our compact of friendship is at an end."

It was very strange, but as they walked together toward the house in offended silence a thought, which her reason told her was absolutely a true one, came into Phyllis's mind. It was that if, by hook or by crook, she ever allowed herself to be cajoled into marrying the Vicar of Daggleigh, he would take a positive pleasure in making her suffer for the slights and resistance which she had shown him in the past. And as they turned in at the front door she registered in her own heart a vow, which she meant to keep for ever, that never, never, never would she be weak enough to place herself in this man's power.

Unfortunately for Phyllis's comfort that afternoon, Mrs. Winton had looked back just in time to see the vicar holding Phyllis's hand at the wicket-gate leading from the meadow into the shrubbery. She had naturally put her own conclusion upon such an unusual sign of favor. She went into the drawing-room where Von Dörnberg was waiting, and greeted him with an effusion which completely astonished him.

"We will have a cup of tea at once," she said; "yes, Christian, tell Martin to immediately. You are looking for my sister, Mr. von Dörnberg." They were alone in the room by that time. "She will be here presently; she and the vicar, Mr. Hawkesley, whom you met here at dinner last night, are coming on slowly together. You have come in for quite a little romance in our quiet circle, and I am very happy about it this afternoon. You know how these things hang fire sometimes, and it is such a relief when it's all over, isn't it?"

"Is your sister engaged to the gentleman?"

"Well, really—that is putting the question, isn't it? I looked back at the gate just now, and from what I saw, I should be almost inclined to say yes."

"And you are very pleased about it?" said the German, looking at her inquiringly.

"Oh! we are delighted about it. In the first place, the vicarage is a charming house—and the living is a very good one—and Mr. Hawkesley is of very good family. Altogether, it is an ideal match, and I must say that Phyllis has led him a dreadful dance. Still, everything works out for the best, don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know—there are a good many unhappy marriages," replied Von Dörnberg, coldly.

"Oh, yes, yes—unfortunately so; but seldom where a marriage is entered into from the right motive," replied Mrs. Winton, plausibly. "I hope that you will give some of your delightful music presently. Do you know that I am passionately fond of it, and down in this benighted corner of the world one gets so little opportunity of hearing anything above mediocrity?"

"I shall be charmed to play to you," said Von Dörnberg very politely.

(To be continued.)



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No. 37 Alma St., Allegheny, Penna. writes: Derna-Royale works like a charm. My face was covered with freckles and in less than two weeks' time they are all gone. My complexion is now clear and white as a child's. Everyone can see what Derna-Royale did for me.

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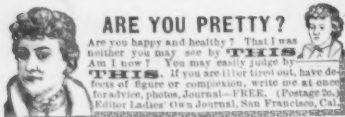
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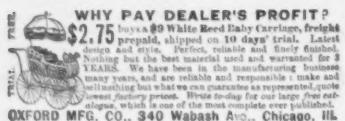
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